

ANNUAL MONITOR

1909

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WILLIAM ROBINSON.

No. 96.]

[ESTABLISHED 1813.

THE
ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1909,

BEING AN OBITUARY

OF

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

IN

Great Britain and Ireland,

FROM OCTOBER 1, 1907, TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1908.

LONDON:

HEADLEY BROTHERS,
BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, E.C.

1908

HEADLEY BROTHERS,
PRINTERS,
LONDON; AND ASHFORD, KENT.

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P R E F A C E .

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THE Society of Friends has again suffered heavy losses in the departure from this world of some of its most gifted and highly valued members. A large proportion of those who are gone had, it is true, passed the limit suggested by the Psalmist ; but others who were called away were in the full vigour of life, and there were some who seemed to be on the very threshold of a career.

It has been suggested that this particular number of the *Annual Monitor* may be characterised as a scholastic number ; since no fewer than thirteen of those Friends whose biographies are here given were more or less connected with teaching, while some of them greatly distinguished themselves in their profession.

But while we are the poorer for their loss, we yet have reason to be thankful for lives such as are depicted in the memorial sketches in this volume ; lives spent in service both for

God and man, lives of self-denial and of kindness, of good and upright citizenship ; lives of men and women

“ Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
‘ Here is Thy talent in a napkin laid’,
But laboured in their sphere, as men who live
In the delight that work alone can give.”

And for these, and for others whose memorials are not here, but are in the hearts of those whose days they brightened, let us thank God and take courage.

The present Editor, who at the earnest request of William Robinson, agreed to undertake the work of preparing the *Annual Monitor*, trusts that his readers will forgive the errors and imperfections which they may discover in its pages ; errors which are due partly to inexperience, and partly to the short space of time that it has been possible, this year, to devote to the work.

While the general plan of the volume is unaltered, the present number will be found to differ in some respects from its predecessors. One point is that the Memoirs are more biographical than usual in their character ; and another is that, with the idea of adding to their interest, portraits of the subjects of a

few of them have been introduced. The *Annual Monitor* for 1909 is therefore somewhat of the nature of an experiment, and it remains to be seen whether or no Friends will, in a practical manner, signify their approval of it.

The Editor returns his sincere thanks to the many correspondents who have assisted him by providing material for the present volume; and he wishes particularly to acknowledge his great indebtedness to the *Friend* for the kind permission, so freely accorded, to make use of biographical notices and portraits which have appeared in its columns.

FRANCIS A. KNIGHT.

Wintrath,

Winscombe,

Somerset.

List of Memoirs.

WILLIAM BECK.
WILLIAM A. BROWN.
AGNES ANN BRYSON.
FRANCIS W. DYMOND.
ELIZA FRANKLAND.
LEWIS AND MARY FRY.
GEORGE GILLETT.
ELLEN GRAHAM.
JOHN HILTON.
ANN HOWITT.
WILLIAM SCARNELL LEAN.
CHARLES LINNEY.
THOMAS LITTLE.
ARTHUR LISTER.
DEBORAH MARTIN.

JANE MILLER.
WALTER MORICE.
CHARLES C. MORLAND.
HENRY NEWMAN.
MARY ANNA NEWMAN.
SARAH RICHARDSON.
WILLIAM ROBINSON.
MARGARET T. STURGE.
WILLIAM TALLACK.
JOSEPH TAYLOR.
HENRY THOMPSON.
ELLA WARNER.
GODFREY J. WILLIAMS.
HENRY WILSON.
EDWARD WORSDELL.

Portraits.

FRANCIS W. DYMOND.
WILLIAM S. LEAN.
JANE MILLER.
HENRY NEWMAN.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.
WILLIAM TALLACK.
HENRY THOMPSON.
ELLA WARNER.

T A B L E .

Showing the deaths at different ages, in the Society of Friends, for 1906, 1907, 1908.

AGE.	YEAR 1905-6.			YEAR 1906-7.			YEAR 1907-8.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Under 1 year* ..	8	5	13	1	3	4	3	2	5
Under 5 years ..	11	14	25	2	8	10	5	5	10
From 5 to 10 years ..	1	1	2	2	3	5	—	1	1
" 10 to 15 "	1	—	1	1	1	2	—	5	5
" 15 to 20 "	1	1	2	4	1	5	2	1	3
" 20 to 30 "	5	3	8	2	4	6	5	5	10
" 30 to 40 "	4	5	9	9	3	12	5	14	19
" 40 to 50 "	13	7	20	5	11	16	12	13	25
" 50 to 60 "	13	23	36	21	10	31	13	10	23
" 60 to 70 "	23	22	45	24	35	59	36	23	59
" 70 to 80 "	19	44	63	46	44	90	47	47	94
" 80 to 90 "	20	38	58	24	24	48	19	37	56
" 90 to 100 "	4	4	8	3	9	12	2	5	7
" Above 100 "	—	—	—	—	1	1	—	—	—
All Ages ..	115	162	277	143	154	297	146	166	312

* The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."

Average age in 1905-6 ..

Average age in 1906-7 ..

Average age in 1907-8 ..

.. 60 years.

.. 62 years.

.. 62 years.

THE ANNUAL MONITOR.

1909.

OBITUARY.

The following list includes all the names of deceased Friends given in the official Monthly Meeting Returns supplied to the Editor. A few other names are given of those who, it is thought, were also members of the Society.

	Age.	Time of Decease.		
WILLIAM ADAMS, <i>Birmingham.</i>	79	16	1mo.	1908
EMMA MATILDA ADCOCK, <i>Bradford.</i> Widow of John Stansfield Adcock.	87	12	7mo.	1908
ELLEN F. AGUTTER, <i>Northampton.</i> Wife of Albert Agutter.	33	27	1mo.	1908
FREDERICK J. AIDNEY, <i>Hanley.</i>	63	11	7mo.	1908

- SOPHIA D. ANDERSON, 27 23 2mo. 1907
London. Daughter of Jas. D. and Flora
 Anderson, of Glasgow.
- JOHN D. APPLETON, 77 20 10mo. 1907
London.
- GEORGE ARMATAGE, 77 25 4mo. 1908
York. A Minister.
- JOHN EDWARD BAKER, 80 5 1mo. 1908
Birmingham.
- JOHN HALL BAKER, 64 22 3mo. 1908
Guisborough.
- JOSEPH A. BAKER, Jun., 3 27 4mo. 1908
Bushey. Son of Allan R. and Marion W. Baker.
- MARTHA ANN BAKER, 66 25 12mo. 1907
Thirsk. Daughter of late John and Mary
 Baker.
- RICHARD BAKER, 75 2 2 mo. 1908
Banbury. Buried at Cork.
- SAMUEL BAKER, 71 24 11mo. 1907
Howth. Of Dublin Meeting.
- SARAH ANN BAKER, 11 1mo. 1908
Birmingham. Member of Westminster and
 Longford. Daughter of James Baker, of
 York.
- MARGARET BARCROFT, 64 7 9mo. 1908
Grange, Co. Tyrone. Widow of Jonathan H.
 Barcroft, and daughter of late Richard Pike.

- ERNEST W. BARDON, 16 22 11mo. 1907
Ferns, Ireland. Ballintore Meeting. Son of
 William and Jane Bardon.
- CAROLINE BARRITT, 68 18 9mo. 1908
Hackney. Wife of Arthur O. Barritt.
- JOHN CHARLES BASS, 39 15 6mo. 1908
Rathfriland.
- AGNES BAYNES, 84 13 8mo. 1908
Sedbergh. Of Briggflatts Meeting. Widow
 of Joseph Baynes.
- WILLIAM S. BAX, 42 8 8mo. 1908
Crouch End, Stoke Newington. Son of
 Frederick and Jane Bax.
- JAMES BEALE, 78 24 12mo. 1907
Queenstown. Cork Meeting.
- EMMA E. BECK, 79 12 5mo. 1908
Stoke Newington. Widow of Joseph Beck.
- WILLIAM BECK, 84 31 10mo. 1907
Stoke Newington. A Minister.

William Beck, the eldest son of Richard Low and Sarah Beck, was born in 1823 at the business premises of his father in Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury. But being a delicate child, he was sent, when very young, to stay with his mother's parents, William and Ann Lucas, at Hitchin, and he ultimately became a boarder at Isaac Brown's school in that town.

His fondness for drawing decided his choice of a profession, and after serving his time as apprentice to an architect, he set up in business for himself as the early age of twenty-one. It was characteristic of a man who, throughout a long and honoured life, showed no desire to amass money, and who derived much of his pleasure from the contemplation of what is beautiful in nature and in art, that he expended his first earnings on a year's foreign travel and study—an investment that, as his father and he foresaw, amply repaid him by fostering and developing those artistic, literary and scientific tastes which in after years were a constant solace to himself and a source of pleasure and instruction to others.

His professional career, described by those who had dealings with him as one of strict integrity, was highly successful. But he had a strong conviction that when a man had acquired means sufficient for the needs of a simple life, he should retire and make way for others. Accordingly he gave up his practice while still comparatively young, meaning to devote his time to travel and to the cultivation of the various pursuits in which he was interested. But, like the generous and unselfish man that

he was, he unhesitatingly relinquished this design in order to provide a home for the five orphaned children of his brother Richard.

He has been described by one who knew him at this period, as a very modest, quiet and amiable young man, a decided Friend of the modern school, taking a constant interest in the Society's business at Devonshire House and elsewhere. The Bedford Institute owes its foundation largely to his energy and enthusiasm; and he was intimately concerned in the establishment both of the Foreign and the Home Mission Associations. In company with Joseph John Dymond and Alfred Wright, he spent a year in religious service in Australia and New Zealand, and he ever afterwards retained a warm interest in the Friends settled in those colonies.

Quite early in his career he became an active member of the Stoke Newington Mutual Instruction Society, established in 1845 among the younger Friends of the Meeting: an association including Joseph J. Fox, Charles Tylor, Thomas Hunton and others, of whom Theodore Compton is one of the few survivors. He was a wide reader, and was endowed both with keen powers of observation and a retentive

memory, and his mind was a rich storehouse of accurate information. This, moreover, he had the gift of imparting without the least suggestion of superiority, and his discourse was frequently enlivened with apt quotations and flashes of genial humour. He was an able and popular lecturer, and the titles of a few of the lectures he delivered at various times and places—"The Roman Forum," "A New Way to the East," "The Eddystone and other Light-houses," "Westminster Abbey," "George Fox," and "Traces of an Ancient Nation on the Chalk Downs of Wiltshire"—give some idea of his varied interests. He was indeed a man who touched life at many points. He wrote several books: "George Fox," "London Friends' Meetings," and "The Friends"; and a large collection of drawings and sketches remain as evidence of his artistic skill.

Of a highly sensitive and nervous temperament, he was shy and retiring in disposition, and was always ready to make way for others. But his open-hearted sympathy and kindly interest, especially in the case of young people, won for him a widespread love and esteem. But it was in the home that his nature was

best known and most appreciated. Only those who were constantly in touch with him fully realised his self-denying, gentle and generous disposition:—the ready sympathy, the clear understanding of different temperaments, the gracious courtesy, extending to the humblest member of the household. His was a love that thought no evil, that believed the best of every one; and it became an inspiration to others to try and attain nearer to his high ideal.

His ministry was marked by great freshness and originality, and gained much by his varied knowledge and experience, and by his keen appreciation of art and nature. Possessing a firm belief in the growth and development of a Christian life, his sermons were full of sympathetic encouragement for the dawnings of faith, and for those who felt that they were still in darkness, or were but groping towards the Light.

His bodily powers faded gradually. The extreme weakness and weariness of the last few weeks of his long life were borne with uncomplaining patience and fortitude. Gifted as he was, he regarded all physical and mental powers as endowments to be used to the glory

and praise of Him who gave them, and he had the deepest sense of his own unworthiness. The words recorded in his diary on the opening day of the last year of his life are truly descriptive of the humility of his Christian character: "In the Lord Most High's revealed mercies in the Lord Jesus Christ be all my trust, as one unworthy of such a blessing."

ELLINORE BELL, 79 14 9mo. 1907
Whitehouse, Co. Antrim. Daughter of late Richard Bell, of Belfast.

WILLIAM BELL, 94 3 2mo. 1908
Cork.

BERTHA ANN BEWLEY, 46 26 4mo. 1908
Dublin. Wife of Ernest Bewley.

ALICE M. BIDMEAD, 22 30 11mo. 1907
Oxford.

MARY B. BIGLAND, 64 7 9mo. 1908
Redcar. Eldest daughter of late Hodgson Bigland. An Elder.

MATILDA BIGLAND, 76 10 10mo. 1907
Bishop Auckland. Wife of John Bigland.

FREDA KATHLEEN BINNS, 14 30 12mo. 1907
Redcar. Daughter of Edmund and the late Helena Mary Binns.

WILLIAM BLAIR,	60	20	11mo.	1907
<i>Newcastle.</i>				
WILLIAM BLAKE,	81	8	2mo.	1908
<i>Reading.</i>				
GEORGE JOSHUA BLAKEY,	70	11	9mo.	1908
<i>Wood Green, London.</i>				
ANN BLANCHARD,	83	25	2mo.	1908
<i>Canterbury.</i>				
JOHN BOSOMWORTH,	63	20	7mo.	1908
<i>Montrose.</i>				
WILLIAM BOUCHER,	86	13	7mo.	1908
<i>Newtownards. Of Belfast Meeting.</i>				
KENNETH A. BRADBURY,	12d	23	12mo.	1907
<i>Cirencester. Son of Arthur G. and Mary Bradbury.</i>				
GEORGE W. BRADSHAW,	25	23	7mo.	1908
<i>Colwyn Bay. Of Manchester.</i>				
EDWARD A. BRAYSHAW,	51	1	5mo.	1908
<i>Darlington. The result of an accident.</i>				
ERNEST T. BROCKBANK,	23	31	5mo.	1907
<i>Saskatchewan.</i>				
JOHN BRODRIB,	80	25	1mo.	1908
<i>Hambleton, nr. Garstang. Member of Cheshire M.M.</i>				
JANE E. BROOKFIELD,	37	19	5mo.	1908
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne. Buried at Bolton.</i>				

HENRIETTA BROWN,	56	7	9mo.	1907
<i>Grange-over-Sands.</i>				
JAMES BROWN,	67	9	1mo.	1908
<i>Amptill. A Minister.</i>				
RACHEL BROWN,	84	25	4mo.	1908
<i>Luton. An Elder.</i>				
WILLIAM H. BROWN,	68	24	12mo.	1907
<i>Sibford Ferris.</i>				

An earnest Quaker propagandist has been lost to the Society by the death of William Henry Brown, of Sibford Ferris. All over the country his cheery face and voice, and his pony and trap have become known in recent years, for he was one who spared no pains to carry the Evangel of a free and spiritual religion wherever he could find or make an open door.

He was the son of Henry and Elizabeth Brown, of North Shields, where he was born on January 8th, 1839, thus having very nearly reached his sixty-ninth birthday. He was for some years in business as a chemist in North Shields, but feeling the need for the spread of good literature in out-of-the-way country districts, he decided to go round with books from place to place. He worked under the auspices of the Friends' Tract Association. Of late years he has been a familiar figure

as he travelled with his sturdy pony and well-stocked cart from Land's End to John o' Groats. A correspondent writes: "He and his pony needed plenty of pluck and endurance, for they had to travel in all weathers and over every sort of road; sometimes going right up over the lonely, rugged moors in dense fog, meeting no human being for hours at a time. Then at the end of a long day, the heavy packages of books had to be unpacked and spread out for display next morning to the few Friends and village people who might come in. Then there was the tedious business of wrapping all up again, and the drive on to the next village. He certainly 'suffered hardship and did the work of an evangelist,' never losing an opportunity of speaking a word for his Master."

Our friend passed away at Sibford Ferris on Christmas Eve. The comment heard as Friends were separating after Meeting for Sufferings last week that "he was a godly man, and his work is much needed in the Society to-day," sums up the spirit of his life. He felt his service as agent for the Friends' Tract Association to be a work for God and for the Society, and he loved the opportunity thus afforded of getting into touch with all manner

of people, and of sowing seed that might have untold consequences.

AGNES ANN BRYSON, 76 18 12mo. 1907
Crosshill, Ayrshire.

Early in the morning of the 18th of December, 1907, Agnes Ann Bryson passed away at Crosshill, Ayrshire, aged about seventy-six years. She was born in New York, but came to Scotland in early life, and eventually settled in Glasgow, where for some time she carried on a small business. About thirty-eight years ago she and Mary White set up house together in Glasgow, where they lived as sisters till their home was broken up by the death of Mary White four years ago. Agnes A. Bryson was then very infirm, and had gone to spend the summer in the country. She never returned to Glasgow, but rented a small house at Crosshill, where she was devotedly attended by a friend who acted as her nurse and housekeeper.

While always a faithful attender of meetings for worship and discipline, in which she took frequent part, Agnes Bryson will perhaps be best remembered by her services as an Overseer of the meeting, and for her work outside the Society. As an Overseer she was

unwearying, and spared no trouble in helping those in need, by personal service and advice. She was instrumental in establishing the Glasgow Prison Gate Mission for Women, and along with Mary White she founded a Home for homeless Glasgow waifs, with a view to their emigrating to Canada. The latter institution afterwards came under the management of the late William Quarrier, and ultimately developed into the well-known Orphan Homes of Scotland. Our friend was also much interested in Temperance work, and she and Mary White were the recipients of a presentation time-piece from the Glasgow British Women's Temperance Association, in recognition of their valued services.

Those who knew these two Friends cannot think of the one without the other. In many respects their characters were different, but they were supplementary to each other. In our meetings Mary White held a foremost place, but was helped by the sympathy and encouragement, and occasionally by the voice of her friend; and in the active work of looking after discharged prisoners and finding employment for them, Agnes Bryson had the sympathetic help and encouragement of Mary White.

Within recent years three maiden ladies have been among the most active and zealous of our small body in Scotland,—Eliza Wigham, of Edinburgh, and Mary White and Agnes Ann Bryson, of Glasgow. They have now all departed, and their places have not been filled ; but their influence has not faded, and we may yet reap a harvest from the seed which they sowed.

ANN BURROWS, 67 3 6mo. 1908
Southport. Wife of James Burrows.

ANN B. BURTT, 73 21 1mo. 1908
Hull. Widow of John Bowen Burtt. An Elder.

SARAH CADBURY, 72 21 9mo. 1908
Edbgaston, Birmingham. Daughter of late Benjamin Head Cadbury.

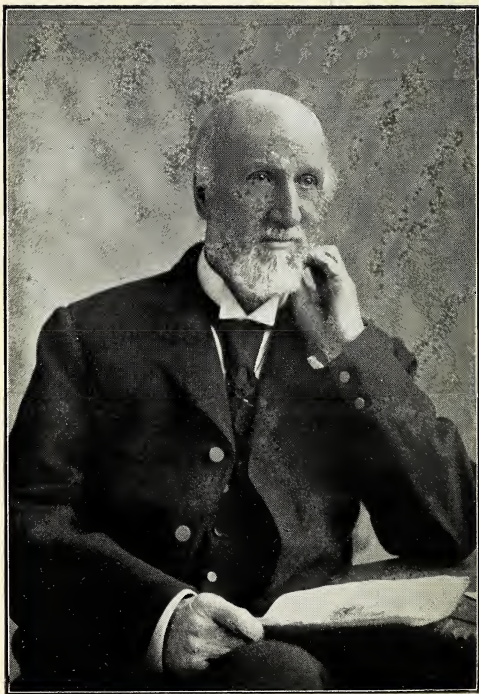
MARY HARRIET CARTER, 64 13 11mo. 1907
Somerton. Wife of George Baker Carter.

JAMES CARTY, 53 2 1mo. 1908
Barnsley.

MARGARET E. CASH, 46 1 3mo. 1908
Coventry. Wife of Thomas Arnold Cash.
 Laid to rest with her infant son in her arms
 in the Sidcot Burial Ground.

THOMAS CHADWICK,	60	6	6mo.	1908
<i>Egremont, Liscard.</i>				
ANN CHAPMAN	99	19	3mo.	1908
<i>Clanroot, Portadown.</i>	Widow	of	Joshua	
Chapman.				
CHARLOTTE CHRISTY,	74	31	7mo.	1908
<i>Broomfield, Chelmsford.</i> A Minister.				
DAVID CHRISTY,	84	18	3mo.	1908
<i>Broomfield, Chelmsford.</i>				
CAROLINE SUSAN CLARK,	41	31	7mo.	1908
<i>Street.</i> Wife of John Bright Clark, died suddenly of heart failure.				
RHODA CLARK,	75	10	3mo.	1908
<i>Holloway.</i>				
JOHN CLARKE,	35	21	8mo.	1908
<i>Woolwich.</i>				
JAMES CLOTHIER,	72	18	10mo.	1907
<i>Street.</i>				
MARION CLOUGH,	52	20	9mo.	1908
<i>Pakefield.</i> Wife of Thomas D. Clough.				
ELI CONWAY,	83	13	6mo.	1908
<i>Gateacre, Liverpool.</i>				
GEORGE COOPER,	40	24	11mo.	1907
<i>London.</i>				
CHARLES COOPER,	69	14	2mo.	1908
<i>Blackheath.</i> Of Westminster Meeting.				

CHARLOTTE E. CORNER,	44	27	4mo.	1908
<i>Port Clarence.</i> Wife of Christopher Corner.				
WILLIAM COWAN,	67	2	9mo.	1908
<i>Kilmarnock.</i>				
WILLIAM COXHEAD,	77	20	9mo.	1907
<i>Holloway.</i>				
CHARLOTTE DANN,	86	31	10mo.	1907
<i>Reigate.</i> Widow of Thomas Dann.				
JAMES DARBYSHIRE,	72	23	7mo.	1908
<i>Eccles.</i>				
GEORGE S. DAVIDSON,	46	2	2mo.	1908
<i>South Woodford.</i> Wanstead Meeting.				
JONATHAN DAVY,	83	8	6mo.	1908
<i>Doncaster.</i>				
MARY JANE DAWES,	77	24	7mo.	1908
<i>Winchmore Hill.</i> Wife of Walter Joliffe Dawes.				
EDWINA M. DAWSON,	55	27	12mo.	1907
<i>Dublin.</i> Wife of William John Dawson.				
ISABELLA DEANE,	64	27	3mo.	1908
<i>Reigate.</i>				
ANN DINSDALE,	78	29	1mo.	1907
<i>Marsden.</i> Widow of John Dinsdale.				
HARRIET E. DIXON,	62	6	4mo.	1908
<i>Highgate, N.</i> Wife of John Dixon. A Minister.				
JANE MARY DUNN,	77	31	12mo.	1907
<i>Stoke Newington.</i>				



FRANCIS W. DYMOND.

FRANCIS W. DYMOND,

Memoir too late last year.

Francis William Dymond was the second son of Robert and Anne Priscilla Dymond, and was born on the 19th of November, 1825. He was educated first at Longfield School, Winscombe, Somerset, and afterwards at Lovell Squire's at Falmouth, entering his father's office when about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

He became an unusually clear-sighted and acute man of business, uniting a deep knowledge of affairs with a lofty sense of honour and an uprightness of judgment which made his opinion as an arbitrator of great value. All his life long the governing principle of his conduct was the fear of God and the keeping of his commandments; and those who were most closely associated with him in his home-life knew well that this principle entered into everything he said and did. The ruggedness and reserve of his exterior veiled very real kindness and true tenderness; and his thoughtful consideration for those around was very marked during his failing years.

In April, 1905, his sister,—his beloved and life-long companion—was taken from him;

and although he bore his loss with Christian fortitude, it told on him deeply ; and for the brief remainder of his life, he withdrew himself to a great extent from outside interests.

His closing years were spent in a quiet seclusion which seemed a fitting prelude for the end, which came after only a few days' illness. His greatest pleasure during this period was in listening to reading, and many were the works of biography, history, or fiction which, evening after evening, he heard and enjoyed. These readings over, he himself would read aloud passages from the Bible. On the last day that he was down-stairs he read with failing voice the thirty-ninth Psalm, adding that he was not strong enough for more. After he was confined to bed, and on the last night of his conscious life, he joined with those about him in saying "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

And so, with a mind free from earthly cares and attuned to heavenly thoughts, tenderly ministered to by loving hands, he sank into unconsciousness, to wake in the presence of the Everlasting Father, in whose love he had trusted, and whose precepts he had sought to follow.

The respect and esteem with which he was regarded by Friends of the West of England may be realised to some extent from the following "Testimony" of the Devon and Cornwall Quarterly Meeting, held at Exeter on the 9th of September, 1907 :—

"We have to record the loss which our Quarterly Meeting has sustained in the death of our dear friend, Francis William Dymond, of Exeter, who was for many years an Elder of East Devon Monthly Meeting, and Clerk of this Quarterly Meeting from the year 1886 to 1896. His life was marked by much Christian humility. His solemn and dignified conduct of the business of this Meeting, his care of its property, his painstaking and prudent administration of its finances, and his generous assistance to the funds of the Society will not easily be forgotten.

"He was much interested in the proceedings of the Meeting for Sufferings, and maintained a lively concern for the religious and temporal prosperity of our Schools. The substantial legacies which he left to these Schools, to the Yearly Meeting Fund, to the Home Mission, and other branches of the work of the Society of Friends, bear testimony of the deep and

abiding interest which our friend had for the maintenance and spread of our distinctive principles and service."

LUCY HANNAH ECROYD, 71 29 1mo. 1908
Shipley, Yorks. Daughter of late Benjamin and Hannah Ecroyd. An Elder.

THOMAS EDMONDSON, 70 11 2mo. 1908
Dublin. Died in the English Hospital, Rio Janeiro, and was interred in Rio. A Minister.

RACHEL ELDRIDGE, 83 10 11mo. 1907
Brighton.

THOMAS ELIOTT, 48 5 1mo. 1908
Southampton. Died at Leeds. Youngest son of late Samuel Elliott, of Plymouth.

HENRY TOBIT EVANS, 64 9 5mo. 1908
Aberystwyth.

RACHEL EVANS, 94 29 11mo. 1907
Birmingham. Widow of Edward Evans, of Leominster.

MARIA C. FAIRFAX, 70 18 6mo. 1908
Evesham. Wife of Joseph Fairfax. An Elder.

WALTER H. FARRINGTON, 23 17 9mo. 1908
London. Grandson of G. H. and S. A. Farrington.

SARAH FAULKNER, 77 6 10mo. 1907
Wisbech. Widow of Robert Faulkner.

WILLIAM FENGARD,	77	11	4mo.	1908
<i>Moyallon.</i>				
SARAH ALICE FINCH,	33	25	1mo.	1908
<i>Diss, Norfolk.</i> Wife of Herbert King Finch.				
ELIZA CLIBBORN FISHER,	75	24	1mo.	1908
<i>Blackrock.</i> Dublin Meeting. Widow of Thomas White Fisher.				
MARIANA FOX,	69	1	6mo.	1908
<i>Wellington, Somerset.</i> Wife of Joseph Hoyland Fox.				
THOMAS E. FOX-DAVIES,	69	23	1mo.	1908
<i>Coalbrookdale.</i>				
ELIZA FRANKLAND,	65	8	12mo.	1907
<i>Kendal.</i>				

Eliza Frankland, the fourth daughter of John and Eliza Frankland, was born at Liverpool in 1842. Those who can recall her as she was sixty years since, describe her as a charming little maiden, with a sweet face and with clusters of golden curls, a child with a sensitive conscience, who was supposed never to do anything amiss, and who was a great treasure in the home circle.

At the age of seventeen she resolved to devote her life to teaching, and after some years spent in private tuition both in England and Ireland,

she was appointed Head of the Friends' Girls' School, in Stramongate, Kendal.

Her early training and a considerable experience had developed in her much strength of character, and a marked ability in facing and overcoming difficulties ; while on all occasions she relied on the help of her Heavenly Father, whose guidance she endeavoured loyally to follow.

For some years the Stramongate School increased and prospered, and Eliza Frankland's old pupils always speak of her with gratitude and affection. She had by this time lost the beauty that had been hers in early days ; but she had gained, through her unselfishness and her consideration for others, the love and admiration of all who were associated with her.

After the death of her mother, however, her thoughts began to turn towards another field of service ; and in 1888 she accepted an urgent invitation to take part in Mission Work in India. In that country she spent the next fifteen years of her life, working part of the time with Friends and part with the American Mission.

Some years before leaving India she was attacked by a native woman, from whom she

received a blow on the head from which she never completely recovered. She suffered, as time went on, from an increasing loss of memory, resulting from the injury ; and after a few more years spent at Kendal in the midst of old and familiar surroundings, but with gradually failing powers, her spirit, which had striven so hard in the service of others, was released on the 8th of December, 1907.

LEWIS FRY, 72 7 3mo. 1908
Bainbridge, Wensleydale. A Minister and Elder. Died at Newcastle.

MARY FRY, 69 29 2mo. 1908
Bainbridge. Wife of above. Died at Newcastle.

“Those who do not know the village of Bainbridge,” wrote Lucy Harrison in the *Friend*, “can perhaps hardly realise what a loss it has had in the death of our friends, Lewis and Mary Fry, who died within a week of each other while on a visit to Newcastle.

“There is, I think I may say, no home that will not miss the cheerful, kindly neighbours who were always ready to sympathise, counsel and help in time of need, and whose deeds of mercy and goodness were not casual and

accidental, but were the habit of their lives. Mary Fry's last weeks in Bainbridge were spent in ministering to the wants of a sick neighbour. Lewis Fry did not know what it was to spare himself when anyone needed help, whether material or spiritual. He and his wife, as one said to me to-day, 'were at the back of everything that was good in the district.' Our little meeting, where Lewis Fry has ministered for so many years, as well as that at Hawes, will indeed find it hard to fill his place; and the Monthly Meeting, of which he was an active member, will miss at every turn his willing service."

Lewis Fry, the second son of Robert and Jane Fry, of Spicelands, Devon, was born at Woodgate in 1835. His school-days were spent at Sidcot, and he received his training in the grocery business of Josiah Newman, first at Cirencester and then at Leominster. In 1856, he joined the household at the Rowntrees, of the Pavement, York, and after his marriage, in 1864, to Mary Cruickshank, of Aberdeen, and on John S. Rowntree's giving up residence at the business premises, Lewis and Mary Fry moved from their own house to take charge of the firm's large staff of

assistants and apprentices. The strain of this responsible and difficult post proved too great for Lewis Fry's health, and in 1870 he took a situation in Newcastle, as accountant in the leather works of his relatives, J. and E. Richardson.

Here Lewis and Mary Fry continued to reside for twenty-four years; and what, in later life, they were to their friends and neighbours in Wensleydale, that they were in equal measure to those in need of help in the busier atmosphere of Newcastle.

"I am afraid that we shall never look upon his like again," writes a Newcastle man whom Lewis Fry often befriended. "To some of us, at any rate, the School has not been the same since he left. Two occasions stand out specially in my recollections of him. One is of more than five-and-thirty years since. It was the first Christmas-morning breakfast. When I went into the room he came forward and said, with a warm hand-clasp, 'I am so glad to see you, Thomas; I had begun to fear that you were dropping your attendance at the School altogether.' That loving touch and these kindly words found their way to my heart; I resolved that he should have no reason to

fear it a second time. Never again was I voluntarily absent.

“A year or two later I was feeling very unsettled in my work, and I felt that I must unburden my mind to Lewis Fry. I shall never forget the talk we had, on the way down from his house. ‘Don’t you think,’ he said, ‘that you might think of the many things you have to be thankful for, and set them against the unthankful things?’ What those words did for me I cannot describe. But I can say this: that from that moment my troubles seemed trifling in comparison with the blessings I received.

“Talking over those times, as I now and then do, with one or another of my old fellow-scholars, seems to make Lewis Fry live again amongst us. We are thankful for the inspiration of those happy days, and for the good influence that is still felt in our homes.”

“Many things might be said of Mary Fry,” writes one who lived for more than twenty years in the same street with her. “It was in times of sorrow or trouble or sickness that she came nearest to us, always ready to help in every possible way. Her love and sympathy and practical help were always so

cheerfully given. She was never too pre-occupied to listen to the needs of others. Whatever she gave, she gave herself with it. I remember going into a shop, on the day that she and her husband left Newcastle, and hearing someone say, 'It is only such as we who know what those two people have done. Many a poor widow will miss having her rent paid for her by Mr. and Mrs. Fry.' So quietly did they seek out those who were really in need, and so unostentatiously did they assist those who were in distress, that it might be truly said of them that they did not let their left hand know what their right hand was doing."

In 1894, "Wishing to retire from business before being too worn out to work any longer for my Lord," to quote his own words, Lewis Fry left Newcastle, and settled in the village of Bainbridge, in Wensleydale; and here he and his wife spent their remaining fourteen years of life, occupying themselves in helping in all good work in the district, in a truly missionary spirit.

"Their hospitable home, overlooking the village green," writes one who knew it well, "was as a lighthouse from whence its inmates,

with their help and counsel and guidance, brightened the lives of all around them."

On his seventieth birthday, rather more than ten years after his removal to Bainbridge, he wrote to his sister that he felt weaker in body, but that he was desirous to work for the Heavenly Master as long as He required. Three years later, early in 1908, in the course of one of their many visits to old friends in Newcastle, Lewis and Mary Fry were both attacked with influenza, which developed into pneumonia. Mary Fry passed away on the 29th of February, and her husband, who, although aware of her departure, never seemed fully conscious of her loss, followed her on the 7th of March.

"There is not one of us here," to quote again from Lucy Harrison's paper in the *Friend*, but must thankfully acknowledge that, though in bodily presence they no longer pass in and out among us, they have left us a priceless gift in their example and their memory. Such lives sweeten and exalt our everyday world, for they strengthen and animate our faith in humanity, and deepen our love and gratitude to the Father of our spirits.

" 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' "

SARAH ALLEN FRY,	72	24	1mo.	1908
<i>Clifton.</i> Daughter of late Joseph Fry.				
HERBERT FRYER,	51	19	8mo.	1908
<i>Camulos, California.</i> Of Huddersfield Meeting,				
SUSANNAH GALE,	57	13	9mo.	1908
<i>Portslade, nr. Brighton.</i> Interred at Kettering.				
THOMAS GEORGE,	61	13	3mo.	1908
<i>Melksham.</i>				
THOMAS GIBBINS,	65	23	5mo.	1908
<i>Edgbaston.</i>				
GEORGE GILLETT,	78	23	4mo.	1908
<i>Cirencester.</i> A Minister.				

George Gillett was of an old Somerset Quaker family. He came to Cirencester about sixty years ago as an apprentice to Josiah Newman, who had established a grocery and provision business in the Market-place, afterwards removing to the present premises in the West Market-place. Before his apprenticeship expired, George Gillett took over the business from Josiah Newman, carrying it on alone for some years, and afterwards, until his retirement, in partnership with the late John Lord. Since then he had devoted most of his time to the cultivation of flowers and ferns, of which he was a great admirer, and nothing pleased him better than to receive a call from a friend

or acquaintance with similar tastes, with whom he could spend an hour in the garden he loved so well.

A man of simple and sterling character, he was regarded in Cirencester as one of the most respected members of the Society, of which he was a life-long member and a valued Minister. He warmly supported the Temperance cause and all other movements for the benefit of humanity. He took a keen interest in the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose local depôt was for a long time stationed at his place of business.

“The death of George Gillett,” remarks the *Cheltenham Free Press*, “severs the last link with a noted band of Quakers who a generation ago were a great power in the old town. The two Alexanders, the three Brewins, Isaac Pitt, the Browns of Bartonbury, and George Gillett were to the fore in everything that concerned the well-being of the people.

“Tenacious though they were of their religious principles, these old Quakers practised the charity which they professed. It must be nearly forty years ago that the town was agitated from end to end over a cemetery question;—should the two chapels be side by side or

separate? One of the Friends spoke at a meeting in the Town Hall on the subject and pleaded hard for unity. 'We must,' he said, 'have walls between us in religious matters, but, friends, pray let them be so low that we may shake hands over them.' The appeal fell on deaf ears, and to this day the Church and Nonconformist chapels in the cemetery stand far apart."

EDWARD GODWARD, 67 13 5mo. 1908
New Mills, nr. Stockport.

WILLIAM W. GOODBODY, 41 13 1mo. 1908
Blackrock. Dublin Meeting. Son of late Marcus and Hannah Goodbody.

THOMAS GOSTLING, 80 16 6mo. 1908
Diss, Norfolk.

ELLEN CLARE GRACE, 79 12 12mo. 1907
Bristol.

ISABEL GRACE, 42 23 10mo. 1907
Weston-super-Mare. Wife of James Edward Grace. An Elder.

ELLEN GRAHAM, 61 27 11mo. 1907
Malvern Wells. A Minister.

[Communicated.]

Ellen Graham, the daughter of William and Elizabeth Graham, was born in 1846, and

was the eldest of the family. She was an intelligent child, and could read a chapter in the New Testament before she was three years old. Whooping-cough when an infant left a tendency to asthma, so that it was thought better that she should be educated at a school kept by a friend in Birmingham rather than be sent away from home to a boarding-school.

One of her teachers says of her, "She was a very apt scholar, taking a real interest in her studies, which she never shirked in any way, and never needed reproof for remissness. She gave one the impression that she was thoroughly conscientious in all she did."

She was always fond of acquiring knowledge. Languages had a special attraction for her; and when schooldays were over, she attended classes to perfect herself in the study of them. Rambles in the Lake District and in other parts of the country afforded her keen enjoyment both from her power of appreciating the beautiful in Nature, and the interest accruing from historical associations. She read a good deal, had a very retentive memory, and a quick sense of humour; and her good conversational ability made her a lively and interesting companion. She kept up a large correspondence

both in this country and America, and many testimonies have been received since her death as to the value of her letters and the esteem in which she was held both within and beyond our Society.

Ellen Graham was a firm believer in the principles of the Society of Friends, and she was always a regular attender of meetings both for worship and for church affairs. She served as Overseer for some years in Birmingham Meeting; and in this capacity was very diligent in visiting many who from various circumstances called for the thoughtful care or loving sympathy of Friends. But her interests were not confined to the Society she loved so well. Much painstaking and persistent work was given in conjunction with another lady to the organisation of a Nursing Society in a suburb of Birmingham; and later, when resident at Malvern, she became a member of the British Women's Temperance Association, and also of the Women's Liberal Association.

The death of her sister Amelia after a long illness, and that of her mother fourteen months later, after a very short one,* while Ellen was

* Account of Amelia and Elizabeth Graham appeared in the Annual Monitor for 1894.

away from home, together with the long and serious illness of another member of the household, were among the means used to deepen and mature her character. Writing after the death of her sister to a friend, she says, "She was a dearly loved one ; her judgment was good, and she was so gentle. How deeply and how often do I feel her loss ! But I know that she is not far away, and what a joy it will be to find her *there* when all the trials and cares of this life are over ! May I follow her, and may the loss of her sweet company draw me more and more closely to Him, who has taken her home to Himself."

Again, writing of her mother's funeral, she says, "The silence that spread over us was one that could be felt, and which many noticed ; it seemed almost as though we could realise the bliss into which she had entered."

To another friend she writes, in 1897 : " We have moved from 'The Cliff' to 'Netherby,' North Malvern ; we do not like the situation so well, but it is nearer meeting and everything. I am afraid I cannot say much of value in this letter—my treasury is low, and I often feel tried. I do need often to remember that

‘One still sitteth above the floods’; the immovable Rock and defence of the righteous in every age is still the same to save and help and uphold and reward. But our feeble, faltering footsteps, so slow and so half-hearted in following Him whom we surely love, will they ever conduct us to the land of rest and peace? Are we faithful enough and inward enough for that issue to take place with us? We have nothing to trust to but unmerited Mercy, and it is Mercy that reduces us to a state of nothingness, so that all the work in us may be His, and all the praise may be to Him who has the right and the power to do as He will with us.”

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The first time she spoke in public in the ministry was at the interment of her sister in 1892. She was recorded as a minister in 1900 with the full concurrence of Worcester and Shropshire Monthly Meeting. This recognition was very encouraging to her, but she was deeply conscious of the increased responsibility which it placed upon her. Her ministry increased in breadth and power as time passed, and always impressed her hearers as a definite message that she believed was given her to pass on. One who knew her well has spoken of it

as "at times having a quiet power like that of the dew of Heaven."

During the greater part of her residence at Malvern she had been interested in the small meetings belonging to Western Quarterly Meeting, visiting them first in company with Hannah Pumphrey, and afterwards alone. In 1902, and again in 1907, she was liberated to pay a visit to Scotland, going to Glasgow and all the small meetings as far north as Aberdeen, and returning by Edinburgh. In writing to a cousin in 1902 she says, "It looks a formidable journey, but I desire not to be too anxious, only very watchful and constant, that I may make no mistakes."

Letters written to her, and received since her death from friends in Scotland show how much these visits were appreciated.

In 1907, she went with her father and sister for three months to Hastings. She very much enjoyed its beautiful surroundings, visiting most of the places of interest in the neighbourhood; and she entered heartily into social intercourse with friends there. Her ministry impressed some who only occasionally attended our Meetings. She was well and bright and energetic throughout her stay. On returning

home she visited Nailsworth Meeting, when her message was felt to be comforting to those present, especially in the evening.

On the 14th of the same month she was at Evesham Monthly Meeting. She was taken ill that night. For some days it was not realised that she was seriously unwell, but on the 22nd she became much worse; unconsciousness quickly followed, and she passed quietly away on the 27th of 11th mo. The call home was unexpected to those around her, and we believe to herself also. Her loss is great, both to her own family and to the church.

One who knew her well has said of her, "Our dear friend was one who appeared to us to have learned obedience by the things she had suffered; and her steadfast faithfulness to the light bestowed upon her was a continual witness to the reality of Divine Guidance."

WILLIAM GRAHAM, 69 14 3mo. 1908

Sedbergh. Of Briggflatts Meeting.

MARGARET S. GRAY, 81 2 4mo. 1908

Glasgow. Widow of William Gray.

SARAH GREER, 78 12 12mo. 1907

Cultra, Co. Down. Widow of John Malcolmson Greer. Of Belfast Meeting.

REBECCA GRUBB, 86 28 12mo. 1907
Carrick-on-Suir. Widow of John Grubb,
 A Minister.

WILLIAM GUNNINGHAM, 53 5 8mo. 1908
Liverpool.

GWENDOLINE HAIGH, 9 23 11mo. 1907
Manchester. Daughter of Arthur and Ada
 Haigh.

ELLEN HALL, 75 27 2mo. 1908

JANE HALLIDAY, 23 24 8mo. 1908
Lurgan. Daughter of William and Hannah
 Halliday.

WILLIAM J. HALLIDAY, 72 9 6mo. 1908
Belfast. Formerly of Dublin, and there
 interred.

ALICE HANDLEY, 86 28 4mo. 1908
Seaforth, Liverpool.

SUSANNAH HARKER, 79 6 12mo. 1907
Manchester. Widow of John Thwaite Harker.

JOHN HARRUP, 59 19 8mo. 1908
Croydon.

FREDERICK HARVEY, 67 19 11mo. 1907
Forest Gate. Wanstead Meeting.

IVY CLARE HASLAM, 13 25 7mo. 1908
Dublin. Daughter of Henry W. and Rachel E.
 Haslam.

- RUTH P. HAWKES, 22m. 1 9mo. 1908
Reading. Daughter of William James and
 Maud Elizabeth Hawkes.
- EMMA HAZELL, 82 24 8mo. 1908
Bristol. Widow of William Hazel.
- CHARLES M. J. HESS, 56 15 9mo. 1908
German Hospital, London.
- MARY ANN HIBBERT, 72 30 3mo. 1908
Chesterfield. Wife of Samuel Hibbert. An
 Elder.
- SAMUEL HIBBERT, 78 16 4mo. 1908
Chesterfield. An Elder.
- FRANK HICKS, 44 5 3mo. 1908
Bury St. Edmunds. The result of an acci-
 dent.
- WILLIAM AMOS HILL, 29 23 2mo. 1908
Fritchley. Son of William Hill, of Bath.
- JOHN HILTON, 88 7 5mo. 1908
South Hackney. Ratcliff Meeting. A Minister
 and Elder.

One Sunday evening, thirty-seven years ago, a young Quakeress was walking down a street in Ratcliff, in the company of two older Friends. Suddenly, from all directions, came troops of children running, and with shrill shouts of joy clung to the hands and the

dress of her companions. The two Friends to whom this pleasant homage was paid were John and Marie Hilton, then in the prime of active service ; and the happy children who thus greeted them were some of those into whose squalid lives they had brought sunshine by their untiring energy and devotion ; she with her crèche, and both with their work among the poor.

Born at Brighton, or Brighthelmstone, as it was then called, in 1820, John Hilton always remembered how, when a child, he had been held for a moment in the arms of Phœbe Hessel, a woman who had fought in the ranks at Fontenoy, and who was born as long ago as the reign of Queen Anne. He came of good Quaker stock. His grandparents, his parents, and most of his relatives, were members of the Society ; and up to the date of his marriage he himself had been a staunch and consistent Friend. His bride, however, was of another denomination ; and although attracted to Friends, and in the habit of attending their meetings, she had not felt that she could apply for membership. His wedding, therefore, was, after the custom of the time, followed by disownment, and the severance lasted some years.

From his twentieth year John Hilton devoted himself to the cause of Temperance ; and for the greater part of his long and useful life he was actively associated with the United Kingdom Alliance, which, it is interesting to recall, was founded by a Friend, while many of its original officers and a large proportion of its funds were also provided by the Society. He also threw himself heartily into mission-work, and made his mark as a vigorous platform speaker on various social subjects.

Some years had passed, when his wife, in the course of a very serious illness, confided to him her wish that, if she recovered, she might again attend Friends' meetings. She did recover, and she and her husband began attending the meeting of Plaistow. John Hilton was promptly readmitted ; and the next step was that Marie Hilton and the children also became members of the Society.

The moment was opportune for so willing and strenuous a pair of labourers in the vineyard. The Bedford Institute had just commenced its useful work, and John Hilton asked if something could not be done for Ratcliff. The way was at once made easy. His wife and he gave up their pleasant home in what was then the

rural hamlet of Plaistow, and settled down to devote their lives to working among the poor of Ratcliff and its neighbourhood.

John Hilton was above all things a Temperance worker. He served for nine years as District Superintendent of the United Kingdom Alliance for five of the southern counties ; for twelve years as its Electoral Agent in London ; for twenty-seven years as its Parliamentary Agent ; and until the day of his death he was its Metropolitan Superintendent. From 1898 to 1901 he was also President of the Friends' Temperance Union.

But with all the onerous duties which these appointments involved, he yet found time, in the way that only a busy man can, to take his full share in the interests and the ordinary business of the Society. He was for many years a Recorded Minister. He was Clerk of the Preparative Meeting, he was an Overseer and an Elder, and he was long an active member of the Meeting for Sufferings.

It was only within the last few years that he in any way relaxed the activity that had distinguished him throughout his long and honoured life. His wife's work among the poor was as earnest as his own ; and " Marie

Hilton's Crèche " will hand down her name to posterity.

After a career of untiring service,—service maintained as long as there was physical strength sufficient for it ; a career worthy to be characterised by the words which the apostle applied to himself, " I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith," —he entered into rest on the 7th of May of the present year.

CATHERINE HODGE, 88 10 1mo. 1908

Glasgow. Widow of James Hodge.

WILLIAM HODGE, 61 29 1mo. 1908

Glasgow.

CICELY R. HODGKIN, 17m.16 9mo. 1908

Madagascar. Daughter of Olaf and Lydia Hodgkin.

MARIA HOLLAND. 31 8mo. 1908

Sheffield. Wife of William G. Holland.

WILLIAM H. HOLMES, 84 3 7mo. 1908

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MARY A. HORNE, 40 14 12mo. 1907

Brentford. Wife of Thomas Benjamin Horne.

ELIZ. HARDY HOSEASON, 59 8 1mo. 1908

Monkwearmouth. Wife of William Hoseason.

ANNE HOSKIN, 82 15 10mo. 1907
Buxton. Widow of Richard Hoskin. A Minister. Member of Sheffield Meeting.

ANN HOWITT, 72 28 9mo. 1908
Nottingham. Widow of Francis Howitt, M.D.
An Elder.

[*Communicated.*]

Ann Howitt was a daughter of William and Dorothy Adlington and was born in 1836 at King's Mill, near Mansfield. She was educated at a private school in Mansfield, at Ackworth, and at a school in Lewes; and she was "top" girl of each. On leaving school, her energies were centred in home life (she was one of nine brothers and sisters), in Friends' work, and in help in British schools and night schools for lads, and in a Sunday class for women and girls. Her home was a mile and a half from Meeting and from her work; and in later years she used to say that the influence of the quiet walks to and fro with her father (a convinced Friend), and the opportunities they gave her of realising his spiritual nature and childlike faith, had left an indelible impression on her life.

In 1866, she married Francis Howitt, M.D., of Nottingham, and thus remained a member

of her old Monthly Meeting. The warm and general interest shown at her wedding were some evidence of the love she had gained amongst Friends and others by her work and happy intercourse, and of the esteem with which she was regarded by the youths and children she had taught. Her married life was a most happy one. She and her husband were devoted to one another, and although Dr. Howitt's calling prevented him from undertaking many duties for his Meeting, their home was always open to Friends, who were ever welcome to share the best that both could give of love and sympathy, advice or help. Their family always looked forward to Quarterly Meeting as a time of a full house of guests; and, as visiting Friends from other places used to say "Half the Quarterly Meeting to tea!"

Ann Howitt was for many years Clerk to the Women's Quarterly Meeting of Derby, Lincoln and Nottingham, and filled various other offices in Monthly and Preparative Meetings, as well as the station of Elder, which she held to the time of her death. In 1886-87, owing to Dr. Howitt's breakdown in health, her husband and she went together round the world. It was a pleasure to both of them

to meet with Friends in the United States, New Zealand, and Australia, and where possible to visit at their houses. On board ship they had many opportunities of discussing Friends' principles with their fellow passengers; and the influence of their strong spiritual natures was such that, upon every ship in which they sailed, betting lessened, and interest in the sweepstakes on the ship's daily run diminished—a fact remarked on by the officers.

The loss of her husband in 1897 was a great bereavement to her. To those dearest to her she said she felt "like a bird with a broken wing." But she often remarked, "I do not wish my sorrow to cast grey shadows on other lives." Spiritual communion was so real to her, and the heavenly home so near, that she never spoke of "death"; it was always "sleep." A large-print Bible for her night and early dawn reading was always with her wherever she went. The "keep" Psalm cxxi., and Psalm ciii. were her special benison.

For many years Ann Howitt took vocal part in meetings, always under a great concern and with considerable effort,—and we believe that many have been helped by her simple messages. This very effort made her in turn

feel the sympathy needed for those, older or younger, who had felt impelled to break the silence of worship by vocal utterance ; and not a few were helped by a kindly hand-shake and word, or a quiet little talk, and were encouraged to be faithful in giving their message, and were assured of the blessing that would follow.

Ann Howitt possessed a strong, vigorous mind. She was a great reader, and, having been endowed with a marvellously retentive brain, her knowledge was remarkable. Politics had no particular interest for her, and argument she disliked—her own life being guided by conscience and truth and duty, whatever might be the cost. She judged that everyone else would act up to her high standard of morality, and she was therefore silent after having given her opinion. She had the power of making all kinds of topics interesting in conversation ; but gossip, which is often but another name for “ tale-bearing and detraction,” was quietly tabooed, or another kinder and more charitable point of view was given. People in all walks of life came to see her, and to talk over with her the special joys and sorrows and crises of their lives, sure always of her love and sympathy.

“It was,” wrote a Friend to her sorrowing children, “an inspiration to know her. The sunshine of her kindly face will not be easily forgotten; and the influence of her entire belief and trust in Divine Guidance, when, with her keen intellectual gifts, she might have been tempted to use her own judgment, will long remain an example to others.” She

“always walked breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break.”

Owing to ill-health she was, in later life, obliged to keep to the house in winter, and so for many years had on Sunday afternoons a Bible class in her own home for the children of Friends and Attenders. The love was mutual between teacher and scholars, and as the children left and began to earn their way in life, the interest and welfare of each of them was always a delight to her.

Her prayers that she might be taken when possessed of all her faculties, that the call might come quickly, and that she might be at home when the summons came, were literally answered. After only three days' illness, in a sense of perfect peace, “borne up on wings of love,” with her room filled with a fully realised radiance of

the Holy Spirit, her soul was taken Home, to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

WILLIAM HOWLAND, 73 24 12mo. 1907

Brampton. Late of Folkestone.

HANNAH HOWARTH, 40 10 9mo. 1907

Burnley. Daughter of the late Caleb Howarth.

Member of Marsden M.M.

EDITH M. HUGHES, 18 6 9mo. 1908

Croydon. Daughter of Morgan and Edith

Rosling Hughes.

HANNAH C. HUGHES, 84 14 9mo. 1908

Dublin. Widow of Thomas Hughes.

CATHERINE AMELIA HUNT, 35 19 3mo. 1908

Upper Beaconsfield, Victoria, Australia.

ALICE M. HUTCHINSON, 39 14 1mo. 1908

Haslemere. Widow of Proctor Selby Hutchin-

son.

SARAH LOUISA IRVINE, 48 11 2mo. 1907

Victoria, British Columbia. Of Lisburn M.M.

Daughter of Abraham and Sarah Green,

now of Victoria.

JOHN IRWIN, 86 8 2mo. 1908

Skelton Green, Penrith.

EMMA JACKSON,	77	20	6mo.	1908
<i>Cootherstone.</i>	Widow of Robert George Jackson.			
JAMES O. JACKSON,	56	10	6mo.	1908
<i>Bolton.</i>				
HENRY B. JACOB,	4	12	6mo.	1908
<i>Cork.</i>	Son of Thomas B. and Lizzy Jacob.			
JOHN JAMES,	66	17	4mo.	1908
<i>Cheltenham.</i>	An Elder.			
ELIZA G. JOHNSON,	80	9	6mo.	1908
<i>Darlington.</i>	Widow of George Johnson.			
MARY JOICE,	3m.	6	7mo.	1908
<i>Coundon Grange.</i>	Daughter of Smart and Mary A. Joice.			
DANIEL JONES,	65	3	4mo.	1908
<i>Thornaby.</i>				
ROBERT KEMP,	75	3	6mo.	1908
<i>Long Sutton, Somerset.</i>	Late of Halstead.			
WILLIAM KENNEDY,	63	9	1mo.	1908
<i>Moir, Co. Antrim.</i>				
FREDERICK E. KING,	65	25	3mo.	1908
<i>Teddington, Kingston.</i>				
GULIELMA KITCHING,	34	27	10mo.	1907
<i>Clevedon.</i>	Daughter of the late William and of Louisa Kitching.			
JANE KNIGHT,	84	5	12mo.	1907
<i>Brighton.</i>				



WILLIAM SCARNELL LEAN.

SARAH M. KNIGHT,	95	22	4mo.	1908
<i>Sidcot.</i> Widow of Henry Knight.				
JOHN KUSS,	61	26	6mo.	1908
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
GWENDOLINE H. LAMB,	10	28	7mo.	1907
<i>Ontario.</i> Daughter of Wm. and Mary E. Lamb, late of Sibford Gower.				
ABSALOM LANGHORN,	79	26	12mo.	1907
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
THOMAS B. LATCHMORE,	75	19	3mo.	1908
<i>Hitchin.</i>				
MARIA H. LAWRENCE,	33	11	1mo.	1908
<i>Taunton.</i> Second daughter of Samuel and Alice Lawrence.				
THOMAS LEA,	77	31	3mo.	1908
<i>Birmingham.</i>				
CHARLES LEAN,	72	14	4mo.	1908
<i>King's Heath.</i> An Elder.				
HENRY S. LEAN,	36	7	12mo.	1907
<i>Birkenhead.</i>				
WILLIAM S. LEAN,	75	11	7mo.	1908
<i>Edgbaston.</i> Formerly of Flounders Institute. A Minister.				

The schoolmaster's calling is one which the world, in principle, delights to honour. Its true importance can, indeed, hardly be over-rated, since in the hands of its teachers rest

the destinies of a nation. And to prepare teachers for their arduous and honourable labour was the life-work of William Scarnell Lean. It has been said of him by one of his contemporaries, a man who knew him well, that there is probably no Friend of the generation now rapidly passing, who accomplished more than he did for Education in the Society. For nearly thirty of his best years it was his chief occupation to direct the studies and to endeavour to shape the careers of young men who looked forward, in their turn, to spending their lives in the training of the young. Among the many students who passed through the Flounders Institute in the long period of twenty-nine years during which he was at the head of it, there is probably none who does not look back on the days spent there with both gratitude and regret: gratitude for the privilege of close personal contact with so gifted, so refined, and so dignified a scholar; and regret at not having then realised to the full the true value of that all too brief experience. It has been said that William Scarnell Lean's sphere of work was a world too narrow for his powers; that with talents such as his, with scholarship such as his, with his poetic

temperament and his marvellous eloquence, he would not only have won high distinction in a professorial chair at a great university, but that he would there have found a wider and a worthier field. All the greater reason have we to be thankful, we who in our youth sat daily at his feet, for an example and an influence which has left its mark for good on each and all.

William Scarnell Lean was the third in four generations of schoolmasters. In the early years of last century his grandfather, Joel Lean, had a private school at Fishponds, a suburb of Bristol. It is remembered that he was a severe disciplinarian. But the age was an age of severity, and held firmly by the axiom that the sparing of the rod meant the spoiling of the child. When George Withy, so well-known in Bristol for his daring originality and even eccentricity, was about to send his son to Fishponds School, his parting charge to him was, "Now, George, thee'rt going to Joel Lean's. If there's anything there thee doesn't like, thee come and tell me, and I'll flog thee all the way back again!"

Joel Lean gave up his school about 1830, after which he left the profession. Two years

later, his son William was appointed headmaster of the school which Birmingham Friends had founded at Camp Hill, in the hope that it would become the Bootham of the Midland counties; and to the newly-established institution he brought his young bride, whose maiden name was Hannah Scarnell. Her mother had held a confidential position among the Gurneys of Earlham, and she herself had received a special training in order to qualify her as governess to Joseph John Gurney's son and daughter, a position which she occupied until her marriage.

William Scarnell Lean was born at Camp Hill, on the 3rd of June, 1833. He was the eldest of a family of three sons and five daughters, the last of whom, Anna Maria, afterwards Mrs. Frederick Andrews, was born on the same day, thirteen years later. This extra link, in their common birthday, may perhaps have had some bearing on the specially tender relationship between the eldest and the youngest of the family, which characterised their later association at Ackworth, he at the Flounders Institute, and she at the School.

The Camp Hill venture, although highly prosperous for a time, declined at length for

want of support, and it came to an end in 1842, in which year William Lean opened a school of his own in Edgbaston. Here his eldest son's education, which, including lessons in Latin and French at the early age of four, had been begun at Camp Hill, was continued. Somewhat frail in health, and rather small of stature for his years, he showed little interest in, or aptitude for games, but was distinguished by his studious habits and his fondness for books: a tendency encouraged by his father, who was ambitious that his son's scholarship should attain a much higher level than his own.

"Beyond these studious habits," writes one of his old schoolfellows, "and besides his early development of a conscience very different from the schoolboy type that was current in my young days, he showed little promise then of becoming in his time a man of light and leading. His position, too, was, as may be imagined, a difficult one; and the difficulty was increased when he became a pupil-teacher in the school, in which there were scholars older than himself. But, although he mixed freely with his companions, and must, in our unguarded play-hours, have seen and heard things that ought never to have

been, I never knew him betray a confidence, or tell on any of his schoolfellows.

“Some of the old Quaker methods of barbarism still prevailed at our school. We might not talk at meals, for instance. And in the long winter evenings, when we sat round the dining-room table and read books, we read them in silence; no conversation whatever was permitted. To such customs, and to the consequent loss of the advantages of free family life, I cannot help attributing in great measure, the reserve that characterised W. S. Lean throughout almost his whole career. His father, by the way, was when he unbent, a golden talker, with wide stores of information, and well-equipped with good stories, but he was no public speaker. Another point of difference, which appeared later on, was that the son was, as he himself declared, a ‘Gurneyite,’ that is to say, an ‘evangelical,’—a leaning, perhaps, partly inherited from his mother, and strengthened by association with the Backhouses of Darlington; while the father abhorred ‘Gurneyism,’ and was of the ‘Wilburite’ turn of thought, although he was always on good terms with Joseph John Gurney himself.”

It would, however, be a great mistake to imagine that the two were not in sympathy. Letters have been preserved which show that full confidence existed between them, and that William Lean always frankly told his son of his own plans and experiences and contemplated changes.

In 1850, W. S. Lean, then seventeen years of age, became a junior teacher at the Friends' School at York, where he stayed three years. Of this period one of his old colleagues writes in the *Friend*, "His companionship was exceedingly pleasant and helpful to me, and his influence over the boys was uniformly for good. In our very limited leisure hours we did a good deal of study together, especially in mathematics and in German. And in connection with the Boys' Essay Society, I used to admire, although I could not emulate, his skill in versification, some specimens of which, as well as of more elaborate papers in prose, may still be found in the pages of the *Observer*."

He left York in 1853, and entered the Flounders Institute as a student under Isaac Brown; and after completing his course there, he spent some years at Darlington, as tutor to John Henry Backhouse and his cousin,

Frank Pease. The delicate health of the former necessitated much fresh air and exercise ; and W. S. Lean was called upon not only to direct the studies of the young men, but to join them in riding and in various field-sports. He also travelled with J. H. Backhouse to the South of France and Italy, and to the United States. It is said that the relations between him and his young companion were of the most cordial character—far more like those of brothers than of master and pupil. There can be no doubt that the exceptional experiences of these pleasant years had no little effect in strengthening W. S. Lean's physique, and in broadening his outlook on life by bringing him in touch with men and things in a way that seldom falls to the lot of a young schoolmaster. It was at this time, too, that he developed a love for natural history and a skill in water-colour drawing, which were to be a solace to him to the very end of his days. His last sketch was made at Sidcot, on the occasion of the centenary celebrations in June of the present year.

There is no reference, in any of the reminiscences of this period, to that gift of oratory which was to become so famous in after years :

but in a letter written in 1858 there is an allusion to his recent appointment on the Standing Committee for visiting the smaller meetings in the neighbourhood of Darlington.

In 1861, W. S. Lean removed to London, where he attended classes at University College, being one of the first Friends to take advantage of the facilities there offered to students who objected to the religious tests which still kept Nonconformists outside the gates of Oxford and Cambridge. While in London he resided with John Henry Backhouse's widowed aunt, Eliza Barclay, who, as Dr. Hodgkin writes in the *Friend*, "kept something like a gratuitous hostel for the young men of her kindred who were students at University College, under the guidance of William Scarnell Lean." In addition to thus assisting others, he himself had a distinguished career at the University, where he found time to take a brilliant part in the Debating Society; and he took his degree of M.A. in Classics in 1864. Later in life he possibly cherished hopes of a higher degree, which, had it not been for his absorbing duties at the Flounders Institute, he might easily have won. The writer once heard him say that if the students detected signs of mental

aberration, they might conclude that he was preparing for his degree as Doctor of Literature.

It was also in 1864 that W. S. Lean was married to Marianna Bevan, daughter of Dr. Thomas Bevan; and having been appointed classical master at the University College School, he took a house in Torrington Square, where he received a few young men, whom he assisted in their studies at the University.

In 1866, he began to study Law, with the view of adopting that as his profession. But concluding, after a time, that such a calling would not be favourable to the free exercise of those gifts which he had begun to realise had been entrusted to him as a preacher of the Gospel,—he had then recently been recorded a minister by Westminster and Longford Monthly Meeting—he abandoned the design; thus turning his back upon a career which, to a man of his abilities, promised almost certain success, and being content to follow a course which, while it gave him a great opportunity of influencing young men for good, and left him untrammelled in the exercise of the ministry, offered but an inadequate material return. It is interesting to recall that, while living in London, he assisted William Booth in his evangelistic work, in days

before the latter had organised the Salvation Army, or had assumed the title of General. In this connection, too, it may be mentioned that, when at Ackworth, he frequently helped at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, and that, later on, when he was a Curate in the Established Church, a very considerable part of his work lay amongst the less educated classes of society.

In 1870, William Scarnell Lean entered on the great work of his life, in becoming Principal of the Flounders, in succession to Isaac Brown, who had held the post since the opening of the Institute in 1849. "It was indeed a heavy responsibility," writes Dr. Hodgkin, "to have to follow so wonderfully many-sided a scholar as the first principal of the Institute; and in some branches of knowledge, especially those connected with natural history, as we then called it, possibly W. S. Lean would have shrunk from challenging a comparison with his predecessor; but, in the main elements of a school-master's intellectual outfit, in classics, mathematics, modern languages, history, he was admirably equipped for the task."

Nor, it may be added, were his powers less striking as a scientific lecturer. In fact, no one ever knew him fail in anything he undertook;

partly because he would never attempt anything unless he felt that he could do it as it should be done.

“His consistent and conscientious careful preparation of his work and lectures,” writes an old student, “is what always impressed me most. It will always be to me a standing example.” In that description sounds the keynote of a noble life. It is more than difficult—it is impossible to do full justice to William Scarnell Lean’s nine-and-twenty years as Head of the Flounders Institute. Some semblance of what he was may be found mirrored in the homage paid him, since his departure, by many who were privileged to know him.

“I, like you, thought worlds of him,” writes one of his most esteemed and worthy disciples. “What struck me most about him, I think, was his devotion to Duty; a devotion that some may have considered unduly narrowed down; for example, when he freely gave to a handful of students talents that might have enriched the world. You will remember how, with all his gifts of eloquence, he never had ‘concerns’; never went on missionary journeys. His mission was to us, his students; his concern was the work in hand.”

On his scholarship there is little need to dwell. While his classical knowledge was of a high order, his mastery of English was no less so ; —a combination of talents by no means always united in the same man. His versions had nothing in common with the dreary flatness of a Bohn's translation. They were vivid, living, real. His rendering of Cicero into colloquial English was a revelation to some of us, for whom the great maker of Latin prose had been tedious and insipid. W. S. Lean's care in the choice of the best possible equivalent for a classical word can hardly fail to have struck even the most careless and unscholarly of students.

"But the influence of the man," as Samuel Price reminds us in the *Friend*, "was greater than that of the teacher or the scholar. His intense conscientiousness, his beautiful simplicity, his aloofness from all that was small or ungenerous in deed or in thought, were coupled with a fearlessness in obeying the voice of duty, as exceptional as his abilities ; and to be brought into contact with him meant vastly more to his students than they dreamed of then."

At least they realise it now. "I suppose," writes another old student, "that all of us who

were under William S. Lean at the Flounders, will be one in our deep sense of personal loss ; and that the world will seem the poorer in that he is no more with us. As young men he stood to us as the embodiment of scholarship and culture and the finest manhood. His influence for good in the Society of Friends can hardly be measured. The thought of him is still, and I think always will be, an inspiration ; and the fact of having sat at his feet, both at the Flounders and in the Ackworth Meeting-house, I look on as one of the chief privileges of my life."

Some of those who knew him at the Flounders dwell on the awe with which W. S. Lean was commonly regarded. "His was at first to me," writes an old student who has himself achieved high distinction, "an almost dazzling personality. Indeed, to the last, much of the old feeling remained—as if one were a little bird, and he were an eagle, though a most kindly-disposed and considerate one, anxious not to pounce, but surveying all from an unattainable height."

"It is quite certain," writes one of his early students, "that we did all stand somewhat in awe of him. It is no less certain that in our

hearts we worshipped him. We may have chafed a little ; some of us who, although mere boys, had been in command ourselves, certainly did sometimes chafe a little at an occasional, and perhaps necessary tightening of the curb ; but through all we worshipped him. And although there was at times, a suggestion of something dictatorial in his manner,—really owing, I believe, to his shyness—I never heard him utter a word of direct reproof. He once went the length of quietly asking the students to leave the dining-room when the reaction after the long-sustained tension of a Flounders Sunday had led to a scene of ill-timed hilarity, verging on boisterousness. But it was not until years afterwards that he so much as alluded to the incident again, and then it was with a twinkle in his eye.”

We often saw that twinkle. It has been said of W. S. Lean, and by a man who knew him well, that he had little sense of humour. Never was a greater mistake. He had the keenest appreciation of the flashes of wit that sometimes illuminated our comparatively staid, scholastic atmosphere. It was said of Isaac Brown that he could never see a joke unless it was couched in a dead language, or was made on the Meeting

for Sufferings. And it was thought that he never clearly understood why the students finally exploded with laughter when, for the third time—the two previous attempts having been disturbed by some slight titterings—he read out, from the Journal of a Friend who had been travelling in Ireland, the ambiguous and suggestive sentence, “We stopped at Shillelagh to bait our horses !” It is also true that some of W. S. Lean’s cleverest puns were in Latin or Greek, or even in the less promising field of mathematics ; but very good puns they were, and none who heard will forget them. Nor will any one who took part in the historic cricket-match forget the Principal’s almost boyish glee when, owing mainly to Frederick Andrews’ colossal score, we completely outplayed the Ackworth eleven.

William Scarnell Lean’s high intellectual gifts, although familiar to generations of Flounders students, were less known outside the sphere in which his work was accomplished : owing partly to the limited nature of that sphere, and partly to his extreme modesty, which was as remarkable as his attainments. His marvellous gift of eloquence, on the other hand, the well-balanced and poetic phraseology in

which his clear, convincing, soul-stirring sermons were delivered, together with the charm of his mellow and beautiful voice, were known and appreciated in far wider circles. "I cannot remember having spoken to him," writes a West Country Friend, "and yet, somehow, I always felt a bond of love and amity. Many years ago he preached a sermon in Yearly Meeting, and since I heard it I have always thought of him as one of the most gracious preachers we have had among us." Every personal friend, every writer of reminiscences of the old Flounders days, touches the same note. Will anyone who listened to it easily forget the address he delivered in Ackworth Meeting, after the death of a young teacher, an address which began with the words, "Where wast thou, brother, those four days?"

"For twenty years," writes one who knew him well, "I heard him as a preacher, and I never once heard him repeat himself. His sermons were always fresh, his illustrations invariably new. And if he did at times repeat a favourite quotation, it was a quotation that we gladly listened to again. He was perhaps especially fond of introducing the noble lines of Whittier:—

‘In the dark we cry like children, and no
answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and
no white wings downward fly ;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes
to faith, and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward
all the spirits of the night.’”

“I think,” writes John William Graham, in the *Friend*, “that of all his Flounders work, his heart was most in his Biblical Course on Saturday mornings. . . . I have a note still, made in 1876, as the closing words of W. S. Lean’s Lectures on the Sacraments :— ‘Therefore we may conclude that the Lord’s Supper was a *little* more than allowed by Our Lord.’ The germ is there, of much that followed more than twenty years later ; and there, too, is that fine accuracy of statement which gave an inkling of what scholarship was, to the most blundering brain of us all.”

In 1887, W. S. Lean delivered a remarkable and memorable address in Yearly Meeting, on the Richmond Declaration of Faith. It was an epoch-making speech, whose clearness and reasoning and eloquence carried the assembly with it. “No speaker on the other side had a ghost of a chance after it.”

To the writer of this imperfect sketch of the career of William Scarnell Lean, it seems almost irreverent to attempt to draw aside the veil from the family life and intimate private relationships of so tender-hearted, affectionate and sympathetic a man. And yet, to know nothing of this side of his character is not to know him as he really was. His relations with all the members of his family were of the happiest. It was his custom, after they had left his roof, to write every week to his sons and daughters. And in these treasured letters there stands revealed a loyal son, a true and tender husband, a wise and loving father. While through them all there breathes that marvellous humility which was one of the crowning touches of his beautiful nature.

In 1894, came a great change in his life, caused by the removal of the Flounders Institute to Leeds, in order to enable the students to attend classes at the Yorkshire University. It was a change in more ways than one. At Ackworth he had been among those who held him in high esteem. In the meeting-house there he was always sure of an appreciative and sympathetic audience. He found himself now in another atmosphere.

“His highly-strung nature,” writes his life-long friend, “shrank from the thought that some of his hearers objected to his message, and did not hesitate to say so, even in meeting. He began to doubt whether his place rightly lay in that meeting; and this disposed him more readily to yield to the influence of some of the clergy with whom he was brought into contact.”

After five years at Leeds, he resigned his post as Principal of the Flounders Institute, feeling that it was right for him to become a member of the Church of England. Deeply as this step was regretted by all who had previously known him, it made no difference in their friendly relations. “When I used to visit him,” says one of those most intimately associated with him, “I found that he remained deeply interested in Friends. He continued the ‘silence’ at meals, extempore prayer, and family Bible-reading; and I always found the *Friend* and similar literature on his table. I grudged his withdrawal most, I think, because of the consequent loss of influence. If he had given his powers to work as a member of the Society of Friends, and had not confined himself to the Flounders students, he might, with his

eloquence and his earnestness and his beautiful voice, have, as a layman and voluntary preacher, filled the largest buildings in the kingdom. As a churchman he preached in many churches and to large congregations. But on the whole the work that was entrusted to him in the Church was comparatively trivial in character, and was not worthy of his powers. That this fact was realised by at least one of his colleagues is shown by a paper contributed to the *Friend* by Canon Wright, in words which finely touch on some of the salient points in W. S. Lean's beautiful, noble, self-denying Christian character :—

“It was the unassuming self-forgetfulness of the man that made us, in our daily intercourse with him, overlook the fact that the one who was ever ready to volunteer for the simplest of obscure parochial visitation, and who was ever submitting his opinion to the criticism of a vicar much junior to himself, was a man of high University distinction, and the one to whom it had fallen to preach a funeral sermon at the burial of John Bright.

“Mr. Lean's sermons went home to our educated congregations, and they were also deeply appreciated by the working-classes

who listened to them. His latent fire, his philosophical thought, his familiarity with the inner meaning of Scripture, which he would interpret with the keenest critical acumen, his rich stores of spiritual thought, made him a preacher for whom, I often felt, a wider sphere should be provided; and I deeply regretted that relentless time was cutting short a career. But no such reflection was ever betrayed by Mr. Lean. He did his work, and at the Great Day we shall know that it was not done in vain."

William S. Lean's connection with the Established Church lasted about eight years. In 1901, he was ordained by the Bishop of Ripon, and he acted as Curate in both Leeds and Birmingham. In 1907, he wrote to Archdeacon Perowne to the effect that his own experience as a recipient of the Sacrament had, on the whole, been disappointing, and that he had not found the observance of the rite specially helpful towards that spiritual eating and drinking referred to in John vi. 33; that he felt that he could no longer administer the Sacraments, "knowing that the communicants attached a value to his consecration of the elements, as priest, which he could not by any means admit or sanction; adding that a careful

perusal of the Report of the Ritual Commission confirmed him in this decision," and definitely withdrawing from the Church of England.

In the autumn of the same year, to the delight of his many friends, he applied for re-admission into the Society. Not only was the application gladly acceded to, but the usual "visit of inquiry" was, in his case, dispensed with. It has been well said that he showed a brave spirit in leaving us; his bravery was no less conspicuous in his return. It was characteristic of the man that he again threw himself into the work of Bull Street Meeting, where his ministry was most cordially welcomed. It is not too much to say that there was joy all over England when it was known that William Scarnell Lean was once more a member of the Society of Friends.

But the re-union was not to last long. In June, 1908, he was present at the Centenary Celebrations of Sidcot School, of which institution his son, Dr. Bevan Lean, is the headmaster; and his stirring address on Sunday, the 10th of June, was listened to with rapt attention by the great audience in the meeting-tent. It was by no means his first address at Sidcot. An expressive phrase from a sermon which he

delivered there, thirty-two years ago, forms part of a line of the Sidcot Song.

To the grief of his friends, W. S. Lean took a chill after the Centenary Celebrations, and this chill was followed by pneumonia. He became rapidly worse, and, on the evening of the 11th of July, he "passed calmly and peacefully into the brightness of the eternal world, retaining his faculties, and recognising his friends to the last."

"He was," wrote William Tallack, not long before his own departure, "one of those good men of whom it may be said that they never lost 'the dew of their youth.'" It has been said, by a brilliant and graceful writer, that the reason why those whom the gods love die young is that they never grow old; and of such was William Scarnell Lean.

ANN LEICESTER,	57	18	8mo.	1908
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Birkenhead. Wife of Samuel B. Leicester.

ELIZABETH LIDBETTER,	83	4	1mo.	1908
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Dewsbury.

THOMAS LIDBETTER,	86	27	2mo.	1908
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Wolverhampton.

ELIZABETH LINES,	75	29	10mo.	1907
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Tottenham, N. Widow of George Lines.

CHARLES LINNEY, 67 24 4mo. 1908
Weston-super-Mare. A Minister.

Charles Linney, the second son of George Frederick and Mary Linney, was born at Ackworth in 1840. At the age of eighteen he began to assist in his father's various occupations, and he ultimately succeeded him as tailor and drilling-master at Ackworth School. In 1875 he removed to Hitchin, where he entered upon what he always regarded as the business of his life, and where he was for many years engaged in secretarial work for the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, which, largely through his earnest and whole-souled labours, greatly increased in scope and importance during his connection with it. He was the right hand man of James Hack Tuke, the Treasurer of the Association. His service was loyally and efficiently given, and his warm sympathy in the good work was of great value both to the Society at home and to its representatives abroad. When he was first appointed Assistant Secretary, there were eleven missionaries in the field: when he resigned his post in 1890, in consequence of repeated attacks of illness, the number had risen to thirty-nine.

Never again, after he withdrew from the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, was Charles Linney able to take much part either in business or in the affairs of our Society, although he still retained a deep interest in missionary work, and devoted much time to the writing of letters of good cheer to workers in distant corners of the world. Some years of residence at Falmouth failing to restore his health, he settled in Weston-super-Mare, where his strength gradually declined with increasing years; until, in March of 1908, an attack of influenza developed into acute pneumonia, and, after two months of painful illness, he passed peacefully away.

WILLIAM LINNEY. 61 7 11mo. 1907
Hull. An Elder.

ARTHUR LISTER, 78 19 7mo. 1908
Leytonstone. Wanstead Meeting.

[*Communicated.*]

Arthur Lister came of a family who have been Friends for many generations, and several of whose members have been distinguished in the scientific world. His father, Joseph Jackson Lister, F.R.S., devoted much of his time to the study of optics, and his paper on "Some Proper-

ties of Achromatic Lenses," marked an epoch in the development of the modern microscope, while the debt which humanity owes to his brother, Lord Lister, the Father of Antiseptic Surgery, is a matter of world-wide knowledge.

Arthur Lister was born in 1830 at Upton, in Essex, then a country village a few miles from London, and here from his earliest childhood he delighted in the time spent out of doors, and especially in watching the birds which visited the garden. His first schoolmaster, Isaac Brown of Hitchin, recognised and encouraged his taste for natural history, and during the walks they took in the neighbourhood gave him some insight into the study of mosses. The love of nature thus shown, developed as time went on, and though he was very early engaged in a business career, he was never happier than when in intervals of leisure, he could get away among the wild life of the woods and fields.

In 1855, he married Susanna, daughter of William Tindall, of East Dulwich. Their first home was in Bradford, and here he studied drawing under James Loble, whose lessons of faithfulness and accuracy were of the greatest value to him in his later scientific work. In

1857, he and his wife moved to Leytonstone, near London, and here most of their children were born. It was not till 1866 that he began that systematic study of field botany, which was to be such a joy to him for the rest of his life. A large family party were spending the summer holidays at Torquay, and his brother Joseph (now Lord Lister) revived for their sakes the lessons he had received from Professor Lindley during his own studies at University College.

Henceforward every holiday added to his collection of flowering plants, and as time went on, mosses, lichens and fungi also engaged his attention. In fact, all natural objects were of interest to him, and his notebooks are full of careful sketches and camera-lucida drawings, not only of botanical specimens, but of many other forms of animal and insect life. It was while studying microscopic fungi that he became attracted to the family of *Mycetozoa*, to which the chief work of his later life was devoted. It was in recognition of these researches that in 1898 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

His interests were by no means confined to scientific pursuits. It has been said that he

was "pre-eminently a good citizen." As a member of the School-Board, a Poor Law Guardian, an Alderman on the County Council, and in various other ways he rendered good service to the public life of his district. As a County Magistrate he was distinguished for his sound judgment, while he was ever ready to take a lenient view when those brought before him had fallen through sudden impulse or temptation.

In connection with our own Society he was, for some years, Clerk to the Ratcliff and Barking Monthly Meeting. He was also an active member of the Six Weeks' Meeting (the Cash Committee of the London and Middlesex Quarterly Meeting) and he served both on the Ackworth and Croydon School Committee. His work on the latter was of long duration, and his services in one of the most critical periods of the history of the School, when its transfer to Saffron Walden was arranged for and successfully carried through, are gratefully remembered by those who worked with him at the time.

The administration of Michael Yoakley's Charity, which has been in the hands of Friends for just 200 years, and which involved considerable calls upon his time and thought, had a great interest for him to the very last. He

joined the Trust in 1867, and was for two years his father's colleague, their joint services amounting to ninety-nine and a half years. A few words may be quoted from a minute, passed by the trustees, shortly after his death : " To the work of the Charity he brought an hereditary interest which made no trouble too great for him to take on its behalf ; this, coupled with his matured judgment, gave a value to his services which it is almost impossible to over-estimate."

In 1871, he became part owner of Highcliff, Lyme Regis, and here he spent more and more of his time, especially after he retired from his London engagements in 1888. Although not taking up any public work at Lyme, he took great interest in the town and its institutions, especially the Cottage Hospital, of which he was a trustee and an active supporter. He was indeed ever ready to sympathise in the work of others, as well as to share with those around him the pursuits and interests which were the joy of his own life. All who came in contact with him felt the charm of his simple sincerity and of his unfailing patience and kindness.

He had been in uncertain health for some time, but the end came rather suddenly at Lyme Regis on the 19th of July, 1908.

THOMAS LITTLE, 50 14 4mo. 1908
Brumana, Syria.

The death of Thomas Little in April of the present year, is a blow not only to the Friends' Mission Station in Brumana, but to the Christian population of all that part of Syria. It has been said of him, by one who knew well the country in which he worked for more than twenty years, that there was no one in Mount Lebanon who had a wider and a deeper influence for Christ than he.

The son of James and Phœbe Little, he was born at Bolton in 1857. A scholar at Ackworth from 1867 to 1871, he was conspicuous while there, less for his attainments—for his development was slow—than for his chivalrous championship of the weak and lonely ; and that at a time in the history of the School when such support was of great value. On leaving Ackworth he taught at a day-school in Ashton under-Lyne, before taking a situation as junior teacher at Penketh, where he stayed from 1874 to 1878. After two years' study at the Flounders Institute, he went as assistant teacher to Wigton, and two years later he was appointed first-class teacher at Rawdon. In 1886, he visited Germany for rest and for further study ;

and while at Munich he received a clear call to Syria, his interest in which had already been aroused by George Satterthwaite, who visited Brumana in 1879. He offered himself for service to the Board of the Syrian Mission, and in 1887 they sent him out, giving him at first the post of teacher in the Brumana School and finally that of Superintendent.

Thomas Little had a very remarkable power of influencing boys, and he gained their confidence to an extraordinary degree. He fostered in the school a public spirit which was at once a deterrent of evil, and a spur to upright and honourable conduct. The characteristics of his life, as described by those who were in constant contact with him, were his simplicity and purity of heart, his fervent faith, his whole-souled devotion to duty, and his zeal in proclaiming Christ as the deliverer from the power of evil. His Sunday addresses to the boys were plain and powerful, and produced a great effect upon his hearers. Such was his humility that he would not allow people to call him *Kowasha*, or Master ; choosing rather the title of *Mualim*, or Teacher. All over Syria his name will live in the hearts and memories of hundreds of his pupils and friends as

Mualim Tooma, that is to say, Teacher Thomas.

Natives of the East attach, as a rule, but slight value to time; and Thomas Little's strict and conscientious punctuality made a great impression on the Syrians. "If *Mualim Tooma* says he will be there in five minutes," they said, "in four minutes and three-quarters you will see him coming." He was a successful although somewhat conservative teacher; and under his management the school more than doubled in size. Its discipline was maintained at a high level, and its educational advantages were greatly appreciated throughout the Lebanon.

His was a remarkable experience. His days were spent among a people whose lives and customs and forms of speech were those of the Biblical Age. He had been in the Lebanon four years when the boys of an English Friends' School, after hearing an account of the Syrian Mission, sent a trifling present to their fellow-scholars in Brumana. And the letter of thanks which they received in return,—a letter first written in Arabic, and then translated into English by a junior teacher in the Training Home, beginning in true Oriental style:—

“ After sending you the pearls of salutation and the treasures of hearty longing, our kind brothers the owners of his good action,” concluded with these striking and beautiful words :—

“ We ask Him to reward you the good reward and the reward of good ; and may you have a white hand and a long arm in good doing and in the service of God. May His goodness flow over you and help you as long as the night follows the day, and the sun rises and the moon sets.”

Thomas Little died the day before the holidays on the 14th of April, 1908. Not a boy in the School slept that night, and in the morning the scholars dispersed to their homes. The natives insisted upon having men and women mourners to wail over him, in songs relating his good deeds, and the loss that the country had sustained. The funeral was attended by about a thousand people, Druzes, Maronites, Greeks and Protestants.

FRANCES J. LIVINGSTONE, 35 27 11mo. 1907
Lurgan. Daughter of Hamilton and Margaret Livingstone.

VIVISTER LLOYD, 24 12 6mo. 1908
Almeley Wootton.

MARIA LUCE, 78 20 7mo. 1908
St. Luke's Infirmary, Bunhill. Widow of
 W. A. Luce.

ADELINA L. MALCOMSON, 44 25 1mo. 1908
Portlaw, Carrick-on-Suir. Widow of Wm.
 MALCOMSON.

SUSAN E. MALCOMSON, 14 20 3mo. 1908
Portlaw, Carrick-on-Suir. Daughter of above.

DEBORAH MARTIN, 84 12 3mo. 1908
Limerick. Widow of William Martin. An
 Elder.

COPY OF NINTH MINUTE FROM LIMERICK
 MONTHLY MEETING.

“ ‘Sorrow hath filled our hearts’ is indeed true of all those who knew and loved our dear friend, Deborah Martin. But for her we know there was no dark valley, for the simple trusting faith which carried her so placidly all through her long life was vouchsafed her to the end.

“For many years she filled the office of Elder in our Meeting, and her helpful spirit and words of counsel will be much missed from amongst us. Until age prevented she was a frequent attender of our Quarterly Meetings.

“ ‘ Sleep on, belovéd, sleep and take thy rest,

* * * *

Until we meet again around the throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
And we shall know even as we are known.’ ”

JOHN J. R. MARTIN, 49 15 11mo. 1907
Beckfoot, Silloth.

MARY E. W. MARTIN, 81 8 5mo. 1908
Guildford. Widow of Edward Waller Martin.

CHARLOTTE MARRIAGE, 74 31 7mo. 1908
Chelmsford.

THOMAS MARSDEN, 62 11 2mo. 1908
Bentham.

ELIZABETH A. MAYER, 75 6 4mo. 1908
Middlesbrough. Wife of August Mayer.

HANNAH MAYO, 73 22 10mo. 1907
Luton.

HELEN H. McCAUGHTRIE, 68 6 3mo. 1908
Crosshill, Ayrshire. Wife of Donald
McCaughtrie. An Elder.

MARY McQUILKIN, 39 8 6mo. 1906
Cape Town. Wife of Joseph McQuilkin.
Belfast Meeting.

SUSANNA METCALF, 58 17 11mo. 1907
Liverpool. Wife of William Metcalf.

JANE E. METFORD, 76 6 12mo. 1907
Weston-super-Mare.



JANE MILLER.

ELIZ. MERRYWEATHER, 85 28 3mo. 1908
Tulse Hill Park, S.W.

JANE MILLER, 90 12 2mo. 1908
Edinburgh. Widow of Wm. Miller. A Minister.

At the time of her death, in February of the present year, Jane Miller was the oldest member of the Society of Friends in Scotland, and was the only woman who was a recorded minister. She was a daughter of Samuel and Jane Woodhead, of Foulstone, near Huddersfield, where she was born in 1818. Having lost both her parents while still very young, she, in common with a large family of brothers and sisters was thus early called upon to practise those habits of self-denial and self-reliance which characterised her throughout her long and strenuous life. Her schooldays, which began at Ackworth in 1829, were followed by apprenticeship at the School, where she remained as a teacher until 1843.

In the following year she married William Miller, of Hope Park, Edinburgh, the distinguished translator of the paintings of Turner and other artists into those exquisite line-engravings which are so widely associated with his name. His work was highly appreciated by Turner himself, who, when there was any

doubt about the man to whom any particular picture was to be entrusted for engraving, always settled it by saying, "Let the little Quaker do it."

William Miller was a man known intimately by a large circle of Friends, to whom his largeness of heart and uprightness of character especially endeared him. He and his wife held prominent positions in Edinburgh Meeting ; and all that concerned the Society was to them of the highest importance. For nearly forty years their delightful home at Hope Park was famous for its free and gracious hospitality ; while their kindly greetings, and their cultured social intercourse were helpful and cheering to many who had gone to reside in Edinburgh as students at the University or at the Ladies' College. There, too, any Friends who were visiting Scotland, either as ministers or as missionaries home on furlough, or merely as travellers, were always sure of welcome. Many such visitors recall with pleasure the happy hours spent in the beautiful, high-walled garden, with its smooth-shaven lawns and its shady walks ; or the no less delightful time devoted to the treasures of William Miller's art, in that ideally happy home. After his death in 1882

Jane Miller long maintained the abundant hospitality which had been associated with her husband's name and home; and for another quarter of a century continued to be what she has well been called, "a succourer of many."

Jane Miller began to speak in Meeting about 1865; and ten years later she was acknowledged as a Minister by Edinburgh Meeting. Her ministry bore witness to her strong personal faith in God, and it was always marked by deep feeling and earnestness.

She was widely known and respected in Edinburgh on account of the public services which she rendered to the city. She was one of the first women elected on the Parochial Board; and through her influence many beneficial changes were made in the arrangements of the Poor-house. She was for twenty years Chairwoman of the Committee of the Maternity Hospital. For thirty years she was a Vice-president of the British Women's Temperance Association, and she took an active part in the movement in favour of Social Purity.

While she was so closely and prominently identified with Edinburgh Meeting that it is difficult to think of it without her, she was

greatly beloved by wide circles quite unconnected with our Society. What some of the poor thought of her may be gathered from a remark overheard on the top of an Edinburgh omnibus. Said one shabbily-clad girl to another, as she pointed to Jane Miller walking quietly along the pavement of Prince's Street, "Do you see that lady there ? I'd do anything for her ! I'd die for her. She's the one that really cares for girls like you and me !"

JAMES MILLS, 37 24 8mo. 1907

Radcliffe.

EBENEZER MOORE, 73 30 3mo. 1908

Selly Oak Almshouses, Bournville.

GRIFFITH M. MORGAN, 10m. 8 1mo. 1908

West Hartlepool. Son of Wm. and Annie Morgan.

WALTER MORICE, 70 11 7mo. 1908

Röiseland, Kvinesdal, Norway. Of Northants Meeting. Buried at Ashton-on-Mersey. A Minister.

Walter Morice, who in after life became one of the most earnest and devoted of Quaker evangelists, and spent years in travelling on religious service, especially in Norway, Sweden

and Denmark, began his career as a teacher. The son of Alexander and Hannah Morris he afterwards altered the spelling of his name to Morice—he was born in Manchester in 1838. A scholar at Ackworth from 1848 to 1850, he served his apprenticeship as a teacher there, from 1853 to 1859, spending the first year of that period at the Flounders Institute. On leaving Ackworth he taught in a school at Hitchin, and afterwards at Grove House, Tottenham. But he then left the profession and entered his father's business in Manchester as accountant; and this calling he followed until failing health and other causes led to his retirement.

After giving up business, he travelled, for the sake of his health, both in Egypt and Canada. His experiences in the latter country so roused his interest in Friends living there, that on his return to England, he obtained a certificate for religious service in the Dominion. In 1882, with the sanction of Friends, he visited Norway, Sweden and Denmark; and in those countries he and his wife spent the greater part of three years. Norway and Denmark appear to have especially attracted him, and he paid them many subsequent visits. Having

mastered both Norse and Danish, he was not only able to correspond with his friends in their own tongues, but to translate, for their benefit, a good deal of Quaker literature, in addition to papers on Peace, Temperance, and the Observation of the Sabbath; and he annually distributed great quantities of such books and pamphlets during a period of many years.

At the Yearly Meeting of 1908, held at Birmingham, Walter Morice brought forward his concern to visit once more his friends in Norway and Denmark. He felt, he said, that this might be his last journey; and he added that he should go alone, without his wife or even a travelling companion. The Meeting liberated him, under a deep feeling of love and sympathy, with the earnestly-expressed hope that a blessing would rest upon his labours.

After a busy month in and around Stavanger, Walter Morice set out, in company with Andrea Brynne, to visit some of the smaller meetings, and by Saturday, the 11th of July, had got as far as Røiseland, Kvinesdal. The same night, as he was kneeling by his bedside, he sank forward and died. His body was taken to England, and was buried in the Friends' Cemetery at Ashton-on-Mersey.

At the Danish Yearly Meeting of Friends, held on the 19th of July at Aalborg, Jutland, Christian Backgaard said, in allusion to Walter Morice's death, only a few days before :—

“ This means a great loss to Danish Friends. He was our brother. He knew each one of us, and he entered freely into all the details of our small affairs. He gave us his time and his money. He prayed for us, he took more than his share in bearing our burdens ; sending us now a letter, now a card, now a kindly greeting, even at times when he was ill and weak and tired. It was his intention to see us face to face once more ; and although it was not to be in this life, and although we have missed him now, we shall meet him in our Home hereafter.”

A little later Christian Backgaard wrote :—

“ Our friend's death threw its influence over our two day's gathering. We felt as though his tranquil spirit rested upon everything. It was an excellent meeting. Friends parted feeling that God had been in our midst, and had made all things well.”

The character of Charles Morland has been summed up by a man who knew him well, in the familiar but significant words of the Apostle, as "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He has been spoken of as a typical Quaker, calm, courageous, clear-sighted and reliable. All who were brought into contact with him bear witness to the uprightness of his life, to the excellence of his judgment, to the value of his counsel. In Croydon, where he spent more than sixty years of his life, he will be long remembered as the type of a good citizen, actuated always by a strict sense of duty and by an unselfish readiness to devote himself to the service of the town.

The fourth child of John and Hannah Morland, he was born in London in 1839, and he was only five years old when the family removed to Croydon. After his education at York and at University College, London, he entered his father's business—John Morland & Sons, Umbrella Makers—and in this he remained, eventually becoming head of the firm, until his retirement in 1895.

Happy in his home surroundings, the effect of early influences was very evident in his subsequent career. His parents before him were,

as he in turn proved himself to be, active and untiring in work for the interests of the Society, and for the benefit of these about them.

In 1862, Charles Morland married Jane Fryer, and settled in the house in Morland Road, Croydon, which was to be his home for the remainder of his life. Here were born his fourteen children, of whom all but one, eight sons and five daughters, survive him. He was soon called upon to take part in public affairs, becoming in 1868 a member of the Local Board, a position which, with the exception of two years, he held until the incorporation of town in 1893. He was elected a member of the first Council, was chosen again in 1886 and 1889 ; and having been made an Alderman in 1891 he filled that office until the time of his death.

In a large and rapidly growing town like Croydon, membership of the governing body is no sinecure, especially for a man like Charles Morland, keenly interested in local affairs, always at the public service, and sparing neither time nor trouble in his efforts to promote the best interests of his fellow-townsmen. At the time of his death he was a member of no fewer than five Committees of the Council ; the Com-

mittee of the Water Supply, the Visiting Committees of the Mental Hospital, the Libraries, and the Smallpox Hospital, and the Education Committee. Education was a subject that specially interested him. He was a Trustee of the British School, and he devoted much care and thought to the training of the children of the poor. It was only last spring that he retired from the Board of Guardians, on which he had served, part of the time as Chairman, for more than twelve years. In 1903 he was elected Mayor of Croydon, a position he filled with grace and dignity.

On the bench his sterling character was of especial value. His sympathy, patience and sense of justice made him an ideal magistrate. The Clerk of the Court, in speaking of the loss which the town had sustained in the death of Charles Morland, characterised the late Alderman as firm, fearless and just ; as a man who always listened courteously to the arguments on both sides of a question, but whose decision, arrived at after careful deliberation, was not to be shaken.

“ To discuss a question with him,” wrote the Mayor of Croydon, “ was always (whether the question was vital or trivial) to breathe as

it were the pure mountain air of unsullied rectitude, and sane, unclouded judgment. One stood by his word as by a rock, immovable, steadfast, unalterable. Over us who move at a lower level, bent by currents of sentiment to and fro, this strong personality, careless of opinion, if his own were fixed, fearless of criticism, if his own were satisfied, exercised a high and noble influence. If we could not rise to his standard, we were drawn to look up towards it, nay, it may be even to move some few feeble steps up that steep hill. I thank God for this simple, kindly, true, just, merciful, strong man. And my thankfulness is the predominant emotion even at this moment of deep sorrow for his loss—for it is the cause of the sorrow—the thankfulness is the great light, which casts the heavier sorrow-shadow the greater its brightness. And I call to mind that while shadows and sorrows are transitory things, this thankfulness and this great light will always endure for us who loved Charles Morland.”

Such a man was, as might have been expected, a keen and valued worker for his own Society. Always regular in his attendance of meetings, both for worship and for discipline, he took a most useful part in Monthly, Quarterly and

Yearly Meetings. He was an active member of the Meeting for Sufferings, of the Friends' Home Mission Committee, and of the Peace Society, of which for some years he was Chairman. He showed the same interest in Education in the Society of Friends as he did in the town of Croydon. He was for many years on the Committee of Croydon and Saffron Walden School; he also served on that of Ackworth School, and he was a member of the Central Education Committee.

"For twenty years past," writes a Friend who knew him well, "it was my privilege to be brought into close relation with Charles Morland in the work of the Society. Ever ready to devote time and energy to it, he wasted neither. He was rapid in forming his conclusions on broad issues, and, when occasion required, he proved equally competent in the management of details. Clear and concise in the expression of his judgment, he used no unnecessary words, but, in a business meeting, went straight to the point, never hesitating to deal with a question because of any difficulties attending it.

"He made an admirable Chairman of Committees, and showed great tact in handling delicate matters, always, moreover, keeping

his Committee to the business before it. As a private counsellor he was discreet and kindly, and no one who asked his advice and opinion ever had reason to regret it. He was a judicious Elder and Overseer, bringing his strong, practical commonsense to bear upon the exercise of a somewhat difficult office."

Such is a brief and imperfect record of a good man's life, a life well-lived, a life of strict integrity and stainless honour, of faithful service for the good of others.

LAURA JANE MORRIS, 53 24 11mo. 1907
Hereford. Wife of Charles P. Morris.

THOMAS MORTON, 71 2 4mo. 1908
Bessbrook.

CATHERINE MOUAT, 76 24 4mo. 1908
Jarrow, South Shields. Wife of Magnus Mouat.

JOHN WILLIAM MULLEN, 83 24 7mo. 1907
Dunedin, New Zealand. Member of Birmingham Meeting

SARAH ANN MULLINER, 82 19 2mo. 1908
Bolton. Widow of Thomas Mulliner.

JANE GREER MURRAY, 81 7 1mo. 1908
Belfast. Widow of Thomas Murray, of Clonmel. An Elder.

SYLVANUS L. NASH,	46	26	9mo.	1907
<i>Blackpool.</i> Son of late Thomas and Margaret Nash, of Manchester.				
ALFRED NEILD,	64	8	5mo.	1908
<i>Dean.</i>				
MARY NEWBEGIN,	31	20	6mo.	1908
<i>Stroud Green, N.</i>	Wife of Donald T. Newbegin.			
HENRY NEWMAN,	89	30	5mo.	1908
<i>Leominster.</i>				

Leominster meeting, of which he had been a member (with a short interval) for eighty years, will long miss the genial smile, the warm hand-grip, and the cheery influence of Henry Newman, who, within a month of attaining his ninetieth birthday, passed away on the 30th of May in the present year.

Though of late not widely known beyond his own Quarterly Meeting and a somewhat large circle of relations, his Continental and other travels, and his visits to different parts of the country, in the middle years of the last century, brought him into contact with many Friends.

The youngest son of George and Ann (Prichard) Newman, he was born at Godalming, Surrey, in 1818. His eldest brother, Edward, was the



HENRY NEWMAN IN HIS GARDEN.

naturalist, whose "History of British Ferns," illustrated wholly by himself, did much to awaken popular interest in that subject.

The scientific tastes of his brothers, Edward and George, doubtless fostered that bent for the study of nature which was so conspicuous in Henry Newman himself. He had also a great love of drawing and painting, humorous and otherwise. After his school-days, Henry Newman had some business training, first in Liverpool and then in Hereford, following which, in 1834, came the opening of a bookseller's shop in Bull Street, Birmingham, a business continued for about five years. In 1845, the year of his father's death, he married Elizabeth, daughter of George and Elizabeth Barrow, of Lancaster, and the union lasted beyond the celebration of the golden wedding. In 1849, when he was aged thirty-one, however, the doctors were concerned about his health, and his mother's death brought the Leominster home into his hands. The bookseller's business was given up, and Henry Newman removed to the spot where the remaining two-thirds of his life were spent.

His subsequent history is not marked by great events. He shrank from public positions—

only for a brief period was he a Guardian—but it was chiefly in the little things of life that he shone, and of those little things it would often have been true to say that whatever he touched he adorned. From 1854 onwards, for about thirty years, it was his practice to make an annual Continental tour. In 1856, during the Crimean War, he joined his old friend and school-fellow, Jerry Barrett, in a visit to Scutari, where he stayed and sketched, and where he contracted a fondness for Eastern life, while his companion portrayed the work of Florence Nightingale.

Visits were also paid to Egypt, Syria, America, and frequently to Southern France, where intercourse was had with the little bodies of Friends at Congénies, Nîmes, etc. Several visits were paid to the Mission on Mount Lebanon, and he contracted life-long friendships with a number of the staff at Brumana, Syrian as well as English, keeping his interest in that field alive to the last. His travels and his reading gave him a well-stored mind, and many were his lectures in various parts of the country on Eastern manners and customs, food and plants, as illustrating Scripture narratives and expressions. The Friends' Syrian Mission held, from

its foundation, a warm place in his heart. He was an active member of its Committee, and when the amalgamation with the Friends' Foreign Mission Association was brought about, he continued a consultative member until the time of his death.

Those who knew him best, however, do not remember him especially by these things. They think rather of his home life, his life in his garden and his glass-houses, and at the "Châlet." How he loved to turn a party of visitors loose on his bed of Alpine strawberries, or to give his friends *carte blanche* among his currant bushes ! It was a joy to him to pilot the appreciative round his well-stocked greenhouses. He recognised the social instinct, and for years helped his meeting by the provision of frequent opportunities for the intermingling of the members of the congregation, his part as host being always unassuming. Sometimes he would act as host for a young couple on their marriage ; or again, there were his picnic excursions into the country, by no means limited to the family circle. When he sympathised with an object, his response was cheerful, and often accompanied with some little expression that converted the sometimes thankless task of collecting subscriptions into

a pleasure. Probably all the churches in the town were at one time or another recipients of his kindness. The "Mission Room" and its engagements, the "Tump" mission at Pudleston with its weekly drive for the "preachers," the "No. 4" Bible-readings, socials, and other functions, are among the variety of means taken to bring helpful influences to bear upon his fellows. With each of them the name of Henry Newman is inseparably associated; with each the personal touch was felt.

When we look back, we think of the Christian gentleman, in whose presence his guests were sure to be at ease. Says a friend who knew him well: "He was one in whom the human side was strong and at times victorious. He attempted few great things, but he did many good things patiently and well. He could confer a favour with every air of being himself the favoured person. He shrank from formulating any theological and almost any political creed; yet he helped many to whom such things were dear. He saw the true value of little things and how they grew in potency when transfused by the personal element; and in this way he poured interest, pleasure, and sunshine into many lives."

Henry Newman had one son, George, who died as a young man. His only daughter, Helen, married Theodore Neild, and through that union the family is continued to the fourth generation.—From *The Friend*.

MARY ANNA NEWMAN, 73 6 8mo. 1908
Leominster. Wife of Henry Stanley Newman.
A Minister.

[*Communicated.*]

Mary Ann Newman was the second daughter of Stanley and Mary Pumphrey, and was born at Worcester on February 18th, 1835. Her mother died when the little girl was ten years old, and with her elder sister, Lucy Elizabeth, she lived a rather burdened home life. But she came of a Quaker line in which self-denying service for others was a natural part of the daily routine, and with the energy and devotion which were characteristic of her whole life, she soon widened her interests by visiting an Infant School, by taking charge of Bible and Provident districts, and a little later by teaching in the Women's First Day School.

She was married to Henry Stanley Newman, of Leominster, at Worcester on August 20th, 1863. When the quiet ending came on the

6th of August last, Mary Anna Newman had completed forty-five years of married life all but a fortnight. A wife's life is largely merged in the interests of her husband and family, and there seems scarcely any feature to record that was not a direct outcome of the home claims, and of her quite remarkable gift for mothering everyone with whom she came into contact who needed it. The first half of her married life was spent at the business house at 14, Broad Street, Leominster, a central place of call in the town, and one which became the nucleus of a great variety of interests. Here all her six children were born, and in the early years there was in addition a succession of young men apprentices to be thought of. Informal committees of Friends were constantly held either in the kitchen as M. A. Newman pursued her household duties, or in the dining-room if pen and ink were required. Here, too, were discussed and arranged the affairs of the First Day School, the Tract Association, the Orphan Homes and the Orphan's Printing Press, the Dispensary, Temperance and Bible Society auxiliaries and many home and foreign mission-work schemes. The house was only too handy for visits from all the needy and destitute of the town, who

came to pour their troubles into a sympathising ear and obtain some material help. The roomy old house was made equally convenient for itinerant lecturers, preachers, and "deputations," on temperance and other kindred subjects, who needed hospitality. In a scattered Monthly Meeting like Hereford and Radnor some Friends generally remained for the night when attending Monthly Meetings, and at Quarterly Meetings every room was stretched to its largest capacity to accommodate visitors.

The Leominster Orphan Homes, founded in 1869, claimed constant, often daily, attention of the practical sort which M. A. Newman gave so ably. She was for many years a Manager of the British Schools which the orphans attended, so that there was no part of their life that did not come under her immediate care. When the matrons had their annual holiday, she took entire charge of the Homes, and for several weeks vibrated between her own family and the orphan children, hardly knowing which needed her most.

In the early years of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association much of the work centred in H. S. Newman's home and made considerable claims on M. A. Newman. Elkanah and Irena

Beard and Louis and Sarah Street and their family, who were some of the earliest missionaries, all came over from America and found a home at Broad Street, until arrangements were completed for them to go out to India and Madagascar. For many years most of the candidates for missionary work visited H. S. Newman's house, and practical help and kindly advice were given as to providing and making outfits for abroad. These activities were carried on in addition to an exacting domestic life, and the constant care of her invalid boy who needed an extra share of the mother's love.

In 1885, after the death of Josiah Newman, the family moved to Buckfield, and the large garden gave increased scope to her own love of outdoor life and was made a source of enjoyment to many beyond her immediate circle.

In the spring of 1887, when a long holiday was necessary, H. S. and M. A. Newman paid a visit to Palestine, visiting Egypt and the Friends' Missions at Ramallah, Brumana and Constantinople. For the rest of her life the retrospect of this visit was a keen enjoyment, and was constantly made of interest to others. All experiences through which she passed were

used as a preparation for wider usefulness, and in 1889 M. A. Newman joined her husband in the United States, where he was travelling in the ministry. She went out in company with her life-long friend, Mary Anne Gundry, who was on her way to take up missionary work in Japan. M. A. Newman found a warm welcome in America as the sister of Stanley Pumphrey, who had visited many of the same Friends some ten years earlier. Most of her time was spent out West and in the Indian Territory, where travelling was difficult and living was hard, but she made little of difficulties and entered warmly into the lives of over-burdened women struggling with limited ways and means. She had a good deal of the American spirit, that would not be beaten whatever were the odds against her, and if one thing could not be done, she could always find an alternative and apparently equally useful thing to do. She was ready to lend a hand anywhere, and found many opportunities for helpful talks with women Friends as she shared their life and entered into their troubles. She wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and bearing others' burdens she fulfilled the law of Christ.

Throughout her life she was strongly attached to the Society of Friends, and would never have felt at home in any other mode of worship. She served the Church in many capacities. Few things were allowed to interfere with attendance at Monthly and Quarterly Meetings of the Society, and to be at Yearly Meeting was always a privilege which she greatly enjoyed. She was an active Overseer for some years, and in 1878 was acknowledged a Minister. She acted as clerk and assistant to the local Ministry and Oversight Meetings and the Monthly Meeting. She served for a term on the Sidcot School Committee, and was a valued member of the Home Mission Committee. Her visits to small meetings were much appreciated. She was an ardent believer in the Adult School Movement, and during her husband's frequent absences from home took entire charge of his class of sixty men. She felt it a serious responsibility, and always gave painstaking preparation to the lesson.

During the later years of life she was a Poor Law Guardian, and prosecuted the duties of that position with her accustomed zeal. She was much valued on the Board by her fellow members for her business capacity as well as by the officials of the Union. She brought

brightness to many dull lives among the old people, the children and the asylum inmates.

There was never a time, while strength lasted, when she was not actively engaged in helping others. Indeed her life was one of almost ceaseless labour and untiring service. She had always a strong sense of responsibility towards all with whom she came into contact, and while the expression of sympathy in words might be sparing, the practical helpfulness was always abundant.

The last four and a half years were spent in the quiet retirement of an invalid's life, when cares and work had been laid aside, and she who had always toiled so ungrudgingly for others was herself ministered unto. Though the limitations of the body were great, the mind and spirit remained wonderfully clear, and there was leisure for the enjoyment of homely things, and the love of those nearest to her as there had not been before. Her pony-carriage and bath-chair were familiar sights all round her home as she made her daily outings, and there were few Sunday mornings, up to the last one of her life, when she was not wheeled into meeting to share in the simple form of worship which she loved.

One who knew her well writes :—" Through a long life she served her day and generation as few women have done. She was a strong, capable, gifted woman, possessing tremendous powers of love and devotion, one of whom we can always think with reverence, one of those wonderful Quaker mothers who appear to spring out of nothing and yet move the world nearer to the Light by the sheer force of love and character, and who make gold out of dross.

" She has left us a splendid memory of patience and sweetness and light, of gentleness and rest and ripeness. The urgent, tense, active, combating life became the embodiment of patience and cheerful waiting, undisturbed and at peace, with immense resources of love and spiritual power. . . She indeed 'loved great things,' and thought little of herself; and desiring neither fame nor influence she won the devotion of men and women, and was a power in their lives. I have never met any woman who had such a clear sense of duty and was so consistently obedient to it. Love and Duty indeed spell out her life, and though it was lived among common things and ordinary people in a little country town, it bore the mark

of greatness and was lived among the things which endure.

“She had the genius of motherhood, and although living in a small corner of the world, her loving influence and faithfulness affected an extraordinary number of persons.”

ELIZABETH NOAKES,	85	4	2mo.	1908
<i>Yoakley's Almshouses, Stoke Newington.</i>				
BLANCHE PATCHING,	49	9	7mo.	1908
<i>Stoke Newington.</i>				
THOMAS PARKER,	67	13	1mo.	1908
<i>Oldham.</i>				
PATIENCE PARSONS,	34	23	7mo.	1907
<i>Gloucester.</i> Wife of Henry Arthur Parsons.				
ANNE PENROSE,	75	8	3mo.	1908
<i>Hurstmonceaux.</i> Widow of Jas. Doyle Penrose.				
JOSEPH PETTIT,	79	15	2mo.	1908
<i>Birmingham.</i>				
ALFRED PICKARD,	1 day	18	12mo.	1907
<i>Stockport.</i> Son of Wm. Alfred and Florence Pickard.				
GEORGE PITT,	77	20	3mo.	1908
<i>Mitcham.</i>				
LUCY POLLARD,	77	4	4mo.	1908
<i>Ackworth.</i> Widow of William Pollard. An Elder.				

EDWARD POWELL,	59	7	7mo.	1906
<i>Mitcham.</i> Died whilst returning from America.				
ELIZABETH PROCTER,	70	6	7mo.	1908
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
SOPHIA PRYER, •	81	15	2mo.	1908
<i>Chipping Norton.</i> Widow of Samuel Pryer.				
PRISCILLA H. PUMPHREY,	86	29	9mo.	1908
<i>Sidcot.</i> Wife of Samuel Baker Pumphrey. A Minister.				
JANE RAMSKIR,	62	25	12mo.	1907
<i>Hull.</i> Wife of Edward Ramskir.				
MARY RANSOM,	53	27	1mo.	1908
<i>Hitchin.</i> Daughter of Alfred and late Lucy Ransom.				
ELIZABETH RAWLINGS,	70	10	6mo.	1908
<i>Clapton.</i> Wife of Henry Rawlings.				
SARAH RECKITT,	82	5	12mo.	1907
<i>Hull.</i>				
ETHEL MARY RENISON,	17m.	9	6mo.	1908
<i>Seacombe, Liscard.</i> Daughter of Hubert and Annie E. Renison.				
EMMA REYNOLDS,	76	6	9mo.	1908
<i>Forest Gate.</i> Barking Meeting. Widow of Arthur Reynolds.				
NORMAN RHEAM,	44	15	2mo.	1908
<i>Westminster Hospital.</i> Of Birkenhead.				

GEORGE E. RICHARDSON, 78 4 3mo. 1908
Reigate.

JOHN W. RICHARDSON, 71 15 4mo. 1908
Stocksfield-on-Tyne. Of Newcastle M.M.

JOS. P. RICHARDSON, 68 14 11mo. 1907
Northampton.

SARAH RICHARDSON, 84 27 4mo. 1908
Lexden. Widow of Frederick Richardson.
 A Minister.

Sarah Richardson, the only daughter of Joshua and Sarah Lamb, was born in 1824, at Sibford, where she lived almost continuously until her marriage with Frederick Richardson, in 1855. In that year he was appointed Superintendent of Penketh School, which office he held until 1860, when a temporary breakdown in his wife's health led to their removal to Rochdale.

In 1869, they opened a school at Lexden, Colchester, and carried it on for many years with great success; a result that was probably due to Sarah Richardson's able domestic government and motherly care of the boys, quite as much as to her husband's skilful conduct of ordinary school affairs. She devoted herself to the management of her large household, doing much of the work with her own

hands. She was a woman of remarkable vigour, of high courage and unfailing resource ; and those who were her pupils always speak of her with love and admiration. "She understood boys," writes an old Lexden scholar, "quite as well as her husband did. She was indeed their friend, and her chief aim seemed to be to make them happy. Her quiet talks, given just when they were needed, and in true motherly fashion, will never be forgotten by boys who were privileged to hear them. Her ministry, too, was greatly appreciated, and the simplicity of her style and dress gave much additional weight to it."

She outlived her husband five years : and although owing to increasing bodily infirmity those years were quiet and uneventful, her mind continued bright and clear, and she always entered with ready sympathy into the lives and doings of her friends.

"Sarah Richardson," to quote from the Testimony drawn up by Colchester Monthly Meeting, "was eminently a peace-maker. Her whole life appeared to be so ruled and governed by love that, in her presence, it seemed impossible to speak unkindly of another. Hers was an influence felt rather than exercised.

“ But it was in the furnace of affliction that sustaining grace was most manifest. She was called upon to pass through many severe trials and crushing bereavements, and her patient resignation and fortitude under these has been to many of us an inspiration ; another illustration of the truth ‘ My Grace is sufficient for thee.’

“ Burdened with years and many infirmities, it was wonderful how bright and cheerful she continued. Her vivacity and her interest in the pursuits of the young people about her often surprised those who called upon her. We know that our dear friend longed to go Home and rejoin her loved ones ; but she patiently waited ‘ all the days of her appointed time.’ And when at length the summons came, we could not but rejoice that she had entered into the joy of her Lord.”

HENRY RIDDLE, 62 12 7mo. 1908

Hastings. Caretaker of Meeting House forty-two years.

HENRY W. RIDGWAY, 78 25 12mo. 1907

Weston-super-Mare.

THOMAS RIDSDILL, 65 23 4mo. 1908

York.

CHRISTIANA J. ROBINSON, 65 24 4mo. 1908

Claybury, Essex.

MARIA LOUISA ROBINSON, 65 13 10mo. 1907

Pardshaw.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, 76 3 9mo. 1908

Weston-super-Mare. A Minister.

In losing William Robinson, the Society has lost one of its apostles. It may be truly said of him that the best he had was given to the service of his Master. Few Friends were more widely known or more beloved than he. Throughout the whole of our Society, especially among those who were privileged to be his scholars, among slender congregations in remote and seldom-visited meeting-houses, among the simple and fervent dalesmen of the north, his name will long be remembered with reverence and affection.

Born at Gloucester in 1832, he did not by birth belong to the Society of Friends, since his father, though of Quaker stock, was not a member at the time; and the child's first lessons were learnt at the Cathedral School at Worcester. Left an orphan when only seven years old, he was adopted by his uncle, William Brady; and at the age of nine, with a view to his admission to Ackworth School,

he became a member of the Society in whose service he afterwards laboured so earnestly and so long. From Ackworth he passed on to York, and in 1849, in order to qualify himself for the teaching profession, he entered the Flounders Institute, which was first opened in that year. Among his ten fellow students were Charles Willmore, Thomas Walton and Henry Sparkes. It is thought that, of the whole eleven, not one survives.

In 1855, after some experience as a teacher at Bootham, he accepted the post of Head of the boys' side at Croydon School, under Sarah Fryer, who, on the death of her husband, had succeeded him as superintendent. In 1857, he married Mary Ann Brearey, who for some years after she left school, had been a member of William Brady's family, and whom he had known from childhood; and three years later he and his wife were appointed Heads of Croydon School. This position they held with honour and distinction for nine years, during which William Robinson proved himself an able and successful chief. Scholars of the time speak in high terms not only of his wise and vigorous administration, not only of his firm and dignified method of maintaining

discipline—a method unmarred by any trace of injustice or severity, but of his unvarying kindness, of his warm interest in the pursuits of the young naturalists who eagerly followed him in his raids across the country, of his devotion to duty, of his insistence on the necessity of doing right because it was right, and on the good influence that made itself felt in every corner of the school. Nor was his thoughtful care by any means confined to the scholars. Those who were teachers under him have the same tale to tell. It may be added that four apprentices consecutively trained by him at Croydon were Samuel Bland, afterwards Mayor and Sheriff of Gloucester; Edmund Ashby, for twenty-nine years the honoured Head of Sidcot School; Benjamin Townson, the first Head-master of Leighton Park; and Edward Waller, the well-known Bootham master.

William Robinson may be said to have been a man who touched life at many points. Not only everything that was good, but everything that was beautiful appealed to him. Flower and leaf, song of bird or wing of insect, spacious landscape or cluster of stars—each had its charm for him. He was a born naturalist.

His wonderful and highly-cultivated gift of close and accurate observation was well-known to, and perhaps even envied by, many who like him loved the birds of the air and the flowers of the field. His study of Nature was greatly assisted, too, by his truly marvellous eyesight. It is said that Cooke & Sons, of York, the famous makers of lenses, used to call him in to try a new telescope, in order that they might be able to certify that this nebula had been defined, or that double star divided with the aid of that particular instrument.

The writer remembers pointing out to him, from a great distance, the spot on a hillside where wild columbines grew, adding that there was a dead tree in the middle of the field.

"I see it," said William Robinson, quietly.

There was no doubt that he did, although the tree-stem was a mere pole, and quite invisible to the duller vision of his companion. It is said that once, when he was in Norway, he distinctly saw, on the opposite shore of a fiord, the upper windows of a house that was so far off that its lower story was shut out by the curvature of the intervening fourteen miles of water.

“Most of his exercise at Croydon,” writes one who was a colleague with him on the school staff, “was taken in rambles over the country,—real country, in those far-off days—with plant-tin, butterfly-net and shell-box. He was one of the few who could find lilies-of-the-valley in the woods of Croham Hurst. He knew where wild aconites grew at Beddington, and the jealously-guarded spot on Riddlesdown where the martagon still flowered. He knew just where to look for every kind of land or fresh-water shell that was native to the district. He was familiar with the haunts of hairstreaks at Croham Hurst, and of the marbled white at Caterham. It was he who caught the never-to-be-forgotten Camberwell Beauty—the magnificent insect that was long and perhaps still is the pride of the school collection, though the school has long since been removed from Croydon. Among the many red admirals of that year were some who were in the habit of settling on the trunk of a tree at Addington, for the sake of the sap that oozed through the bark. One memorable afternoon there alighted among them a Camberwell Beauty, a butterfly, which, as all naturalists know, is one coveted by every insect-hunter. The excitement of

the little group round the tree is more easily imagined than described. All saw the prize, all knew its value; but discipline was perfect. Not a boy stirred, while William Robinson, as eager and excited as any of his young companions, stepped quietly forward, lightly touched the beautiful creature with his net, and then, as it flew, caught it with one dexterous sweep, and with a triumphant exclamation, "I have it!" It was quite undamaged, it was perfectly set by that master hand, and it became the jewel of the school cabinet.

"His holidays were usually spent in districts noted for their rare wild flowers. Such a district he visited in the early sixties, in company with three other schoolmasters, of whom two were Thomas Walton and Benjamin Townson. The third survives. He alone can now recall the details of that pleasant tramp through Wales;—the eagerness of the search for the wild cotoneaster on the Great Orme's Head, the strangeness of walks through villages where the English tongue was a foreign language, the joy of plunging into the deep, clear water near Menai Bridge, the climbs over Snowdon and Cader Idris, the excitement of the hunt for the water-lobelia, with shoes and stockings

over shoulders, on the marshy slopes of Plinlimmon, the sumptuous feast of black bread and ideal butter, in the lonely hut upon the mountain side, the morning swim in the solitary tarn.

“Another year found William Robinson, with two of the same party, making holiday in Teesdale. Starting from Settle, where they had attended the Adult School conducted by Ellwood Brockbank, they made their way to the moors, stopping to sketch a great clump of *Geranium sanguineum* that flamed by Janet’s Cave, picking Jacob’s-ladder on the rocky slopes of Malham, and finding dainty fronds of *Asplenium viride* in the limestone crannies. So long did the three naturalists linger that darkness settled down while they were still on the open moor, and there seemed nothing or it but a camp among the heather. But William Robinson’s keen eye caught the gleam of a distant light, on the river Tees. The three stood still and listened. At length they heard the faint but unmistakable murmur of High Force, and so found their bearings. But it was long after midnight when the wanderers roused the inmates of the house whose lighted window they had seen in the distance. Not

everywhere in England would such belated suppliants have found a welcome at that hour of the night, to say nothing of the fire that was promptly kindled for them, or the bountiful supper,—or was it breakfast?—that was set before them. More attractive, however, than even ample meal or glowing hearth, was a saucerful of *Primula farinosa* on the table, put there by Mrs. Hooker, who, with her husband, the famous professor, had left the house only the day before.

“Then followed a glorious week. The banks of the Teesdale streams were beautiful with *Gentiana verna*, *Saxifraga aizoides* and Alpine forget-me-not. There were great bushes of *Potentilla fruticosa* on the rocky slopes; there was *Dryas octopetalla* on the crest of Micklefell. Best and rarest of all was the variety of milkwort discovered and named by James Backhouse, who had himself previously guided William Robinson to the spot where the plant was growing in the midst of a bed of wild thyme.”

Some of the rare and beautiful wild flowers that William Robinson found, on these and many similar expeditions, he brought home with him, and established in his garden, which, whether

at Croydon or Scarborough or Weston-super-Mare, was an unfailing source of interest and delight. He was a most skilful gardener. Flowers of many kinds flourished in his well-kept borders, where these children of the wilderness grew and blossomed almost as freely as they had done in the native haunts.

Always an earnest advocate of temperance, William Robinson was much distressed, soon after going to Croydon, by an edict of the doctor that the scholars should have beer at dinner, with the idea, then so common, but now, happily seen to be entirely groundless, of improving their health, which at the time was far from satisfactory. The beer was only served out once. There was very little of it,—a mere taste in the bottom of each dinner-mug. Most of the boys disliked it, and refused even the small quantity that had been provided. But there was one boy who drank not only his own slender portion, but the portions of many of his companions. Afternoon school found the young toper quite fuddled; and the Committee were promptly informed that if the doctor's orders were to be carried out, it would have to be by another head-master. No more beer disgraced the Croydon dinner-table.

A characteristic story of the same period is told by Edmund Ashby. It was the skating season. William Robinson had been cutting clever threes and eights on the ice of John Morland's pond, when the ice suddenly gave way, and he was left standing on the bottom, for the pool was shallow. Recognising that it was hopeless to attempt to get out without assistance, he called to the dismayed spectators to fetch a ladder, and stood calm and collected, with the freezing water up to his armpits, and the fragments of broken ice floating round him. The ladder was brought, and carefully pushed across the hole. Lifting himself up with his strong arms, William Robinson swung himself clear of the dangerous edge, to the firm ice beyond. And then, instead of hurrying home, as everyone expected, he skated twice round the pond, in order to quicken his circulation! A soldier who was looking on, greatly struck with the Quaker courage and resourcefulness, was heard to say, as his astonished gaze followed the dripping figure, "Well, I never saw anything like that in all my life!"

William Robinson's first sermon was preached in Croydon meeting; and he was still a young

man when he was recorded as a minister. The Ministers and Elders having taken no steps in the matter, some Friend proposed the new preacher's name to the Monthly Meeting. Whereupon a dear old man, whose own sermons were filled with poetry and spiritual insight, but who was not distinguished for his breadth of view, entreated Friends to wait. If they would not, and if the proposition was sustained, objections would, he said, have to be mentioned.

The Meeting decided to hear the objections. It appeared that the young man wore a blue coat, and that this coat was not cut after the orthodox and collarless model so dear to the seniors of the time ! It is interesting to note that William Robinson was recorded with enthusiasm, in spite of the cut of his coat ; an enthusiasm which, not unnaturally, was most strongly marked among the younger members of the meeting. Not long afterwards, the newly-acknowledged minister delivered a striking address at Devonshire House, during the Yearly Meeting, where comparatively few people knew him, and fewer still suspected his powers. It is remembered that when the sitting was over, Friends crowded round Mary Ann Robinson, in the Meeting-house yard,

to congratulate her upon the achievement of her husband.

“His early sermons,” writes one who heard many of them, “were short, practical, and straight to the point. One began with the words, ‘My thoughts have taken the form of a balance-sheet’;—a metaphor suggested by his recent work on the school account-books. Long after this period he described to one of his friends how he had once had great difficulty in getting the accounts to balance. He spent hours over the work, re-adding, comparing, re-checking. It was all to no purpose. The mistake escaped him still. But time was precious. Other tasks and duties awaited him; and then and there, beside the open ledger, he knelt down and asked for divine direction. The error was promptly found and rectified. It is an anecdote which well illustrates the spirit in which all his work, whether secular or sacred, was invariably accomplished.”

When asked, in later life, whether it was or was not desirable to prepare sermons beforehand, he replied that he had sometimes risen in meeting with nothing whatever in his mind except the feeling that it was right for him merely

to quote a text, and that, as he proceeded the subject opened before him in a way that he could only regard as direct guidance. On other occasions, he added, the subjects of sermons had been in his mind for some time, when the addresses that followed were, in great measure, the results of thought and reading.

William Robinson was not a strong man when he was appointed Head of Croydon School. Nine years of strenuous work there proved too severe a strain for his constitution, and in 1869 he resigned his post. It was in that year that he received a clear call to visit America: so definite was the intimation that he had a distinct vision of a hand pointing out to him on the map the exact spots to which he was to go. Not only so, but he received as distinct an injunction to sail by a particular boat. By obeying the call, he reached his destination in time to be present at an important meeting, of which he had had no previous intimation. In after years he paid several visits to the States, where his ministry was always greatly valued.

How his first visit was regarded by American Friends may be gauged from an extract from a letter written from Philadelphia, early in 1872:

“No doubt thou wilt hear from other sources of dear William Robinson’s service among us.

“We had all been so worked up by many things which had been passing, that some of us thought we saw the divine leading very markedly, in the very day he appeared in our meeting; it had the blessed effect of settling and calming us not a little.

“His ministry has been wonderfully adapted to our condition, though often cutting like a two-edged sword; sending home each one self-convicted instead of applying the message only to his neighbour. The baptising power over the meeting has been very evident.

“Thou wilt not be surprised to hear that his *coat-collar* stood much in his way with some; that others, with whom educational prejudice had been strong, have been able to discern the Spirit of the Lord in his message; and the feeling manifested by others has convinced some of us that perhaps it was necessary that he should come just as he has, to teach us that our Heavenly Father will not allow us to rest in any *mere form*. And I cannot help believing that His Word shall accomplish that for which it has been sent.”

It was while he was still living in Croydon that he became intimate with Peter Bedford, the famous Quaker philanthropist, and accompanied him to Germany and Norway in both

of which countries the two held many meetings and visited many Friends.

In 1870, William Robinson removed to Bradford, where he assisted his friends the Priestmans in social work among the people employed in their factory. In 1873, he bought a house in Scarborough, where he resided for twenty-one years, acting for a time as science-master in Oliver's Mount School. As years went on, however, he gave up more and more of his time to work for the Society, not only taking his full share in the town of his adoption, but paying frequent pastoral visits to other meetings scattered up and down over the country, more especially to those in Kent and in the dales of York and Durham, where his coming was eagerly looked-for, and where he was always cordially welcomed.

"Generally speaking," writes a correspondent of the *Friend*, alluding to the northern journeys, "every year found him asking his Monthly Meeting for a Minute for religious service to the good people of those regions. They received him as gladly as the returning spring. Ancient meeting-houses, disused or very sparsely occupied, were filled at his visits; and it came to be said that there was no need of bellman

or of bills to effect this change. The knowledge that he was in the village was sufficient. The re-establishment of the meetings of Kirby Moorside and of Pickering was largely due to his ministering care. At Scarborough the position of the meeting-house in the east end of the town had long placed it at a disadvantage as a religious centre. William Robinson, free from the old associations which many local Friends were loth to break, grasped the situation, and set actively to work to remedy it. He, more than any other person, was the founder of the new premises, opened in 1894, when, alas ! he had just left the town."

Another Friend thus writes of William Robinson's apostolic visitations in Kent, a county which always attracted him :—" His devoted labours as a member of the Standing Committee of the Yearly Meeting, labours extending over some years, together with his earnest ministry, were of the greatest assistance and encouragement. Speaking for myself, as a young man who had not long left school, and with vague and uncertain ideas about the future, I found him a real friend and counsellor, a man whose upright, earnest character had a powerful influence over me for good. Once,

when the state of things in one of our smaller meetings was such that some of us were in despair, and were on the point of giving up the struggle; one of his sermons, in which he called upon us to remember that the darkest cloud has always a lining of silver, seemed to come as a direct answer from our Father in Heaven, and was, to our troubled hearts, a very great encouragement. His memory is indeed dear to the Friends of Kent, who would gladly welcome a successor to carry on the quiet work which, in his time, William Robinson did amongst them."

William Robinson's gifts as a minister were of a high order. He was a master of clear and simple and vigorous English, and wherever he went his sermons were listened to with keen appreciation. His solemn and dignified manner, his quiet yet earnest delivery, the pleading tone in which he often spoke, helped to make his discourses acceptable to all hearers. And yet his life was a greater sermon still. It was a life whose consistent integrity, whose unswerving devotion to duty, and whose unvarying kindness endeared him to many struggling men and women, who, regarding his saintly bearing, thanked God and took

courage, and went on their way with new hope and added strength, with lightened burdens and with comforted souls.

It was in 1878, while he was living at Scarborough, that William Robinson entered on the editorship of the *Annual Monitor*, a labour of love which, with great interest to himself and a large circle of readers, he continued for thirty years, until failing health obliged him to relinquish it, only a few months before his death.

After a residence of twenty-one years in Scarborough, the state of his wife's health made it necessary to move southward, in search of a warmer climate, and in 1894, William Robinson settled in Weston-super-Mare, where he spent the remaining fourteen years of his life.

In 1904, during the absence of Frederick Andrews, William Robinson, after long and anxious consideration, accepted the temporary head-mastership of Ackworth School. It was a brave thing to undertake, and it was characteristic of the man that he should be willing to undertake it. Speaking of the invitation to fill the very difficult and arduous post, and of the doubts that had at first assailed his mind,

and with special reference to the quiet time which he devoted to the weighing of the question, he said :—

“I remember so well that the more I prayed the more the difficulties vanished. Before many days it seemed to me that it was the right thing, and I gave my consent. There were some things I did not know how I was going to face at all, some things that I was really afraid of ; and how earnestly did I pray that I might be strengthened to face those things. Often during those days of waiting there seemed to come a quiet whisper, ‘I will strengthen thee.’ The experience of those six months was a continual experience of our Heavenly Father’s evidence of His promise of the sufficiency of His grace for every need that arises.”

Before the term of his temporary headship had quite expired, William Robinson was seized with a severe attack of illness, from which he soon rallied, but from which he never wholly recovered, and after which he found it necessary to give up most of his ministerial and pastoral work. Although his carriage and bearing gave him an air of strength and vigour, he was never really strong, and he was subject, through-

out many years, to sharp and recurring attacks of pain. These attacks increased in frequency and severity. He grew rapidly weaker, and, in the spring of 1908, his condition was such as to give rise to the gravest apprehensions. His last hours were soothed by the ministrations of his devoted daughter, who had been his close companion for many years, and more especially since the death, in 1901, of his beloved wife. On the 3rd of September in the present year, at the age of seventy-six, he passed into the Unseen, coming to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

WILLIAM ROBINSON 62 8 10mo. 1907

Trummery, Co. Antrim.

JAMES H. ROBSON, 77 28 3mo. 1908

Darlington.

MARY ROSE, 72 14 1mo. 1908

Liverpool. Wife of Joseph Rose. Caretaker of Croydon Meeting House eighteen years.

THOMAS C. RYLEY, 68 14 1mo. 1908

Liverpool. An Elder.

ORLANDO P. SALTER, 74 5 8mo. 1908

Bristol.

HARRIET SAUNDERS, 82 15 8mo. 1908

Boscombe, Bournemouth.

- SARAH ANN SAWYER, 64 17 6mo. 1908
Nailsworth.
- MARY J. SEEKINGS, 31 21 2mo. 1908
Gloucester. Daughter of late Joseph John
 and of Mary Seekings.
- CHARLOTTE SESSIONS, 79 5 3mo. 1908
Boscombe, Bournemouth. Widow of Joseph
 James Sessions.
- ROSINA SEYMOUR, 78 21 12mo. 1907
Great Berkhamstead. Widow of William
 Seymour.
- JOSEPH F. SHACKLETON, 75 5 4mo. 1908
Lucan. Dublin M.M.
- ANNA SHEWELL, 87 3 7mo. 1908
Gloucester.
- EMMA SIMMONS 85 29 11mo. 1907
Hastings. Of Stoke Newington. Widow of
 Edward Simmons.
- BENJAMIN SINTON, 85 6 2mo. 1908
Tamnamore.
- ANNA E. SISSON, 49 1 10mo. 1907
Gloucester. Wife of William Sisson.
- JANE SKELTON, 61 31 7mo. 1908
Hamilton, Canada. Wife of Frederick Skelton.
 Member of Sheffield Meeting.

EDWARD SMITH,	75	4	5mo.	1908
<i>Ecclefechan, N.B.</i>	Member of Carlisle M.M.			
ISABELLA SMITH,	73	11	1mo.	1908
<i>Hawes.</i>				
SUSANNAH W. SMITH,	65	31	3mo.	1908
<i>Gatebeck, Cumberland.</i>	Daughter of Henry and Maria Smith.			
JOSEPH SMITHSON,	74	20	3mo.	1908
<i>Halifax.</i>				
SARAH ANN SMITHSON,	82	14	2mo.	1908
<i>Clifton.</i>	Widow of John Smithson.			
CAROLINE M. SPARKE,	58	11	9mo.	1907
<i>Leeds.</i>	Widow of James Bacon Sparke.			
JAMES STANLEY,	92	7	9mo.	1907
<i>Wood Green, N.</i>				
WILLIAM A. STANTON,	46	1	5mo.	1908
<i>Luton.</i>				
JOHN STEELE,	75	14	7mo.	1907
<i>Birmingham.</i>				
MARY STEPHENS,	84	1	7mo.	1908
<i>Falmouth.</i>				
JOHN STEPHENSON,	72	15	2mo.	1908
<i>Darlington.</i>				
ELIZA STEWART,	70	8	5mo.	1907
<i>Badsey, nr. Evesham.</i>	Wife of Henry Stewart.			

MARGARET T. STURGE, 68 23 1mo. 1908
Clifton. Wife of Walter Sturge. An Elder.

The name of Margaret Sturge remains a fragrant memory to those who were privileged to come within her influence, for it may be truly said that her sweetness and gentleness and power of sympathy won the love and esteem of all who knew her.

Born in Bridgwater in 1839, the eldest daughter of Francis James and Rebecca Thompson, she early shared with her mother the care of her many brothers and sisters, each and all of whom looked up to and loved her; and she grew up to be not only the dutiful and loving daughter but the close and intimate friend of her mother; and this happy relationship lasted until the close of the latter's life, fifteen years ago.

Quiet and uneventful as were her nearly seventy years of life, she has left a strong impression on the minds of those who mourn her loss. "In looking back," writes one who knew her well, "hers seems to me to have been one of the loveliest of lives; that is to say, if diffusing happiness is loveliness. Never was a sweeter soul than hers; never was there a truer friend, a more affectionate daughter,

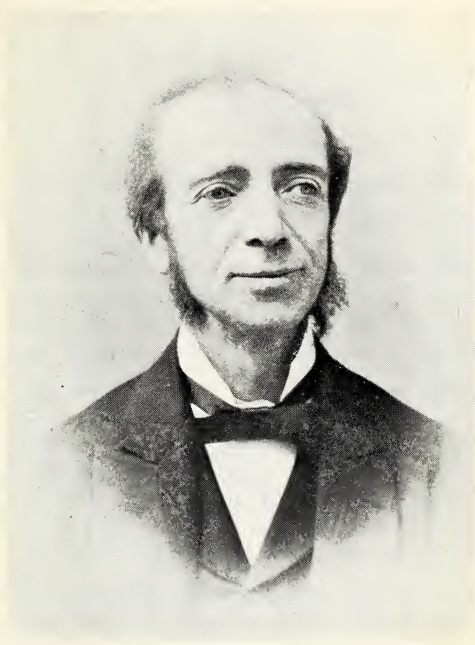
a more loving sister, a more devoted wife. And with all her gentleness she had the keenest sense of fun and humour. It may be said of her that she realised the full joy of life. It all came from her seeing God in everything. She had the firmest faith in His personal love and care and providence. 'I have been helped,' she used to say; so, in her turn, all who met her were helped; everyone who knew her was the better for having shared the calm radiance of her saintly nature."

Beautiful as her life was, nothing in it became her more than the leaving of it. Struck down with mortal illness when away from home, and moved, for the sake of better treatment, into hospital, there was no repining; no regretting that she was not in her own room at Clifton. No murmur escaped her lips. As usual she made the best of everything. Was she not in Bridgwater, her dear native town? Could she not see a tree from her bedroom window? As usual, too, she endeared herself to all about her. Matron and nurses and hospital attendant were glad to be able to be of service to her in her last hours, and sorrowed deeply at her departure. Truly, at her going, she left a pathway of light behind her.

ELIZ. R. SUTHERLAND,	85	13	2mo.	1908
<i>North Shields.</i> Widow of Robert Sutherland.				
FRANCES SWALES,	68	8	4mo.	1908
<i>Darlington.</i> Wife of William Swales.				
WILLIAM TALLACK,	77	25	9mo.	1908
<i>Clapton Common, N.E.</i> A Minister.				

The personality of William Tallack was perhaps as striking as that of any Friend of modern times. Few members of the Society have been more widely known outside its bounds than he was. He was a most determined champion of the weak and the erring and the down-trodden; and no knight of old ever fought more bravely to succour the oppressed than William Tallack did for those of his fellow-mortals whose faults or misfortunes had brought them within reach of the law.

The son of Thomas and Hannah Tallack, he was born at St. Austell in 1831, and at the age of eleven went to Sidcot School, where, as scholar and teacher, he remained ten years; his three years of scholarship being followed by apprenticeship to Benjamin Gilkes, then headmaster of Sidcot. He served his full term, a thing which comparatively few scholastic apprentices of those days succeeded in doing, and he made a mark in the school which was



WILLIAM TALLACK.

remembered long after his day. Those who knew him at the time speak of his strong scientific bent, of his encouragement among the boys of the study of natural history, especially of botany ; and of the lectures which he gave on history, zoology and other subjects.

From 1852 to 1854 William Tallack was a student at the Flounders Institute. He was a teacher at Croydon in 1854 and 1855, and at Ackworth in 1856 and 1857. A further year and a half of private tuition ended his scholastic career, for which, as he himself has declared, he felt little real inclination. The next two years were spent in foreign travel, first in Malta and Egypt, and later in Australia, Tasmania, the Pacific Islands, Mexico and some of the Western States of America. His experiences included twenty-two days and nights of continuous travelling in the once famous Butterfield express coach from California to St. Louis, which was then the farthest limit of the railway.

His subsequent life was mainly associated with two benevolent organisations—the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and the Howard Association for the Prevention of Crime. To each of these bodies in turn he acted as Secretary, throwing into the details of his work all

the energy of his ardent and enthusiastic temperament, entirely undismayed by discouragement and prejudice, by obloquy and misrepresentation.

For three years, from 1863 to 1866, he laboured hard, both with his voice and with his pen, for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, urging that not only was the Mosaic requirement of a life for a life altogether unchristian, but that the exaction of the death penalty did not diminish crime ; while there was no doubt that many instances had been known in which circumstantial evidence that seemed conclusive at the time, but which, when too late, had been refuted, had led to the execution of a wholly innocent man.

In 1866, he became secretary to the Howard Association, a society formed in that year under the auspices of Lord Brougham, but of which William Tallack was the real founder. Now began the most important labour of his life. It was on behalf of the erring and the ignorant that his best work was done. The object of the Association was twofold ; first, the prevention of crime by the improvement of the circumstances and surroundings of the poorer classes ; secondly, by the reform of the conditions of prison life, which at that time were

not only merciless and brutal, but which, by association with hardened offenders, tended to make the young and inexperienced criminal worse instead of better ; with the result that gaols were positive nurseries of crime.

With regard to the former of these aims, the improvement of the conditions of life among the poor, William Tallack insisted strongly on the principles that you will make men better if you make them better off, and that reform should come before punishment. It was the spirit of his great predecessor, John Howard, the father of the cause of which he had now, in his turn, become the champion. It was Howard who predicted that the supply of criminals would be greatly diminished if the poor could only have decent houses to live in ; dry floors, good drainage, plenty of water. He it was, too, who said that if you make men diligent you will make them honest.

In the second place, the Association and their secretary laboured hard to secure better treatment for the prisoner. Its members, and perhaps especially its secretary, have been charged with caring more for the criminal than for his victim ; with pampering the burglar, with keeping the highwayman in luxury, with

making the brutal wife-beater warm and comfortable while his innocent family starved with cold and hunger. Such charges are easily made. There will always be cynics to talk in such a strain. It is quite true that William Tallack did sympathise with the criminal classes. He felt, like Whittier, as if his brother's pain and sorrow were his own. And he was fond of saying that if we knew all we should pardon all. But it is not true that he sympathised too strongly with the criminal. His feelings never blinded him to real conditions. He saw clearly enough that there were natures on which kindness was thrown away. He knew that some criminals were criminals from choice and predilection. All he asked for was that humanity might go hand in hand with justice.

Like Howard before him, he travelled much, and he visited prisons in many parts of the world. His verdict was that the best were those of America, while the worst were those of Turkey and Morocco.

Not every reformer sees the fruit of his own toil. There are many who sow where others reap. But it was William Tallack's happy fortune, during his thirty-five years of strenuous labour for the Howard Association, to see many

beneficent changes introduced into prison-life. He lived to know that his great work, "Penological and Preventive Principles," was, in spite of its not very attractive title, the standard book on the subject. Prison reformers wrote to him from all countries for information and advice. In this way he came in contact personally or by correspondence, with some of the most distinguished statesmen and philanthropists of his time ; and in "Howard Letters and Memories," published five years ago, will be found many interesting details of his varied experience.

He was indeed a voluminous writer. His first work, by the way, an account of the life of a favourite cat, was published when he was only eleven years old ; published, not in mere manuscript, but in all the majesty of print. In addition to the two important works already alluded to, he was the author of "Defects in the Criminal Administration," "Malta under the Knights, Phoenicians and English,"—the fruit, in part, of his visit to the island, "Friendly Sketches in America," Lives of George Fox, Peter Bedford and Thomas Shillitoe, and of an immense number of tracts and pamphlets, of magazines and newspaper articles. His letters, lengthy although they

often were, were received with honour by the *Times* and the *Spectator*.

As a member of the Society of Friends, William Tallack was well known as a minister and as a sharer in discussions in the Yearly Meeting ; and also as a contributor to the *Friend* and other Quaker periodicals. He never identified himself with any special school of religious thought. Strongly evangelical although he was, he was no believer in everlasting punishment, as indeed befits a true follower of a God of perfect love ; and he welcomed the light which modern research has helped to throw upon the Bible. He was not an advocate of a formulated creed, but of a stainless, useful life. "What we want," he said to a friend not long before his death, "is more of the person of the Lord Jesus." He always insisted on the need of cheerfulness, and urged that Christians should of all men be the most cheerful. Humour, too, was a quality he valued greatly ; and his own retentive memory was stored with many excellent and often humorous anecdotes.

A serious illness which attacked him in 1901, obliged him to resign the post he had filled so long and so well, as Secretary to the Howard Association ; and it left a permanent mark on

his health. The loss of his wife, three years later, was a very severe blow to his deeply affectionate nature ; but sorrow had the effect that it so often has, of softening his spirit and of deepening his sympathy with others. Many Friends bear testimony to the value of his ready help, always so fully and freely given. All who came in contact with him were struck with the charm of his conversation, the power of his memory, his humility and his forgetfulness of self. He was indeed a most unselfish man. His time and his wide stores of information were always at the service of others, even of those of whom he had had no previous knowledge.

He has left behind him a monument more durable than brass. Hundreds of men and women not in England only, but all the world over, men and women from whose lives he helped to lift a shadow, have cause to bless his memory. He was one who, to use the pathetic phrase of Edmund Burke, remembered the forgotten ; those

“Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die ;”

and although his name may be forgotten, the fruit of his labour will remain.

JOYCE ELIZABETH TAYLOR, 4m. 25 8mo. 1907
Colwyn Bay. Daughter of Herbert and Elizabeth Taylor.

JOSEPH TAYLOR,

Memoir too late last year.

For more than sixty years Joseph Taylor was one of the best known Friends in the Monthly Meeting of Pontefract. And he was not only always ready to take his full share in the business of the Society, but he was a conspicuous figure in public and social work in his native town.

The youngest son of Thomas Lee and Maria Taylor, he was born at Pontefract in 1829. He was an Ackworth scholar from 1840 to 1843, and he was at school at York in 1844, when, on account of the death of his father he gave up his cherished ambition of becoming an engineer in order to help in the business which Thomas Taylor had established, nearly twenty years before. In that business he continued for nearly fifty years, only retiring in 1903 to Barnsley, where, a year later, his wife and he celebrated their Golden Wedding.

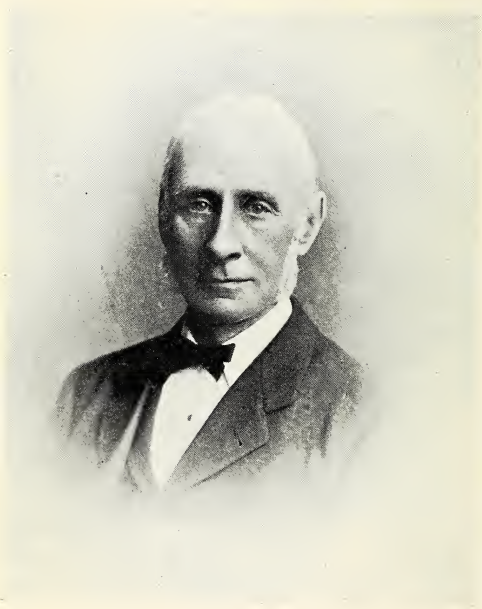
Though of a retiring disposition, he was always at the service of the Society. Prompt to encourage others, and especially younger members, to take their right share in the responsibilities of Preparative and Monthly Meeting he himself was a willing worker on all Meeting appointments, besides showing a kindly interest in the welfare of other Friends, visiting at their homes, and entering into sympathy with their various interests. To many who attended Pontefract Meeting his warm greeting and hearty handshake will be a lifelong remembrance.

A mere list of the posts he held during his long career would give some idea of his strenuous though unostentatious efforts to promote the best interests of his fellow-townsmen. To name some only of the various capacities in which he served the town, he was Guardian of the Poor, Director of Savings' Banks, Town Councillor, Chairman of the Licensing Committee, Secretary of the Mechanics' Library, and Governor of King Edward VII.'s Grammar School. He was, moreover, a Justice of the Peace for the West Riding, and he was three times Mayor of Pontefract. True to his Temperance principles, he provided, during his

term of office, no alcoholic liquors at the mayoral banquets.

In the spring of 1907 a serious heart-attack greatly alarmed his family; and although he rallied from it, he never really regained his former vigour. Always buoyant and cheery and forgetful of self, he made brave attempts to face the growing weariness, and the waning of his bodily and mental powers. But, as the weeks and months went by, it became only too evident that the remaining days of his earthly pilgrimage were likely to be few.

A visit to Heysham, undertaken with the hope that he might derive benefit from rest and sea air, proved of little service; and the two occasions on which he then attended Morecambe Meeting,—speaking and offering prayer in a manner that seemed beyond his strength, but that yet was full of thankfulness and trust,—were his last opportunities of joining Friends in public worship. The journey home fatigued him much, and after his return he failed more and more. For some weeks he was confined to bed; and although he was spared any acute pain, he suffered from intense weakness and drowsiness. He found it hard to speak, and it became increasingly difficult to com-



HENRY THOMPSON.

municate with him. But in his brighter moments he dwelt upon his many mercies, both spiritual and temporal. On one occasion he said to those about him, "I may go suddenly, or I may have a long illness. But I want you to know that it is all right, whichever way it is." And he maintained, throughout, the calm confidence of one who feels that he is drawing near the end of a long journey, and is about to enter into the rest and peace of home.

SOPHIA TAYLOR, 92 1 1mo. 1908
Bristol. Widow of John Taylor, of
 Manchester.

SARAH A. THOMASSON, 44 12 1mo. 1908
Throxenby. Wife of Thomas Thomasson.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON, 76 14 2mo. 1908
Darlington. Widow of Thomas Thompson.

HENRY THOMPSON, 81 10 10mo. 1908
Arnside.

A whole generation has passed since Henry Thompson, then in the full vigour of life, and at the height of an almost unparalleled success as Headmaster of the Friends' School at Kendal, resigned, to the great regret of all connected

with the institution, the post that he had filled so long and so well, and withdrew to Arnside, on the edge of Morecambe Bay. Yet the remembrance of what he was in those far-off days is still fresh and green. To those who knew and loved him—and to know him was to love him—the nobility of his character seems to stand out with even greater clearness by reason of the lapse of time.

An ideal leader of boys, honoured and revered, a polished scholar, an able and enthusiastic teacher, the soul of courtesy, kind, considerate and gentle, and yet capable of blazing into righteous wrath in the presence of meanness or of wrong; such was Henry Thompson to the boys of Stramongate.

Born at Rawdon in 1827, he entered Ackworth at the age of thirteen, and, with the exception of two years spent at the Flounders Institute, he remained there, as scholar and teacher, for fourteen years. On leaving Ackworth in 1854 he taught for a year at Grove House, Tottenham, then and long afterwards one of the most distinguished of Quaker Schools. In 1855, he went to Kendal as assistant to Henry Wilson, who, in that year, had been appointed Headmaster of Stramongate, in succession to Samuel

Marshall. In 1856, he married Esther Emmott Wilson, the sister of his chief; and in 1860, when the latter resigned his post, Henry Thompson became the master of the School. This position he held with great distinction for eighteen years, retiring in 1878, on account of his wife's health, and settling, as already noted, in the little seaside village of Arnside, where he spent the remaining thirty years of his life. During those thirty years he played a most important and useful part in the management of local affairs, sparing no pains and grudging no time in his efforts to promote the best interests of the parish, where his zeal and earnestness, his wise counsel and his unfailing courtesy will be keenly missed by those among whom he worked so long.

But it is as a schoolmaster that he will be best remembered. What he was, during those twenty-three golden years, to the scholars of Stramongate, is best described in the words in which they pay tribute to his memory; words that should be, to every teacher in the kingdom, a stimulus and an inspiration; yet with the sorrowful consciousness that, after a leader of such heroic mould, all lesser souls must toil in vain.

“The time is so short since we have lost him,” writes one of those who are proud to be able to rank themselves among his old boys, “that it is hard to realise that one, whom some of us have known nearly all our lives, has indeed finished his earthly course. We cannot picture him as dead. We can only think of him as our old headmaster, alert, fluent, decisive, who put us all upon our honour, and expected honour in return. We seem to see him still, striding up the yard into the playground as the bell was ringing, and to hear the ‘Now boys, it’s time for School!’ that sent us flying to our different class-rooms.

“How inspiring were his lessons, whatever the subject was ! Under him we had the chance of learning what literature meant. His lectures on it left their mark on many of us, giving us that taste for what was best in prose or poetry which, more especially in after years, added fresh sources of pleasure to our lives. Never shall we forget his Scripture lessons. Who is there that cannot remember how clear and real he made the Apostle Paul stand out from the history of the early Christian Church ? How we seemed actually to see the spare figure of the Hebrew preacher, on those perilous and

momentous journeys ? How we used to fancy that we could almost hear the very tones of his voice as he looked down on his audience from the crest of Mars Hill ? From him, too, we gained our early glimmerings of the true nature of art. He was not an artist, but he was a sound art critic. He had the keenest appreciation of natural beauty. It was doubtless owing to his influence that Ruskin once lectured in Stramongate Meeting-house on ‘Yewdale and its streamlets.’ ”

“With him,” writes another old scholar, “education was not a thing of the brain only, or even mainly. His aim was to turn out *men*—true men and true servants of God and of their fellows ; and his greatest power lay surely in the fact that he not only taught, but illustrated in his own life and character, what he would have us attain to. We thought of our headmaster as of a gentleman of gentlemen, a Christian of Christians. We loved him because it was impossible not to love him. And we shall always love him, and bless his memory and the inspiration of it.”

“By the death of Mr. Henry Thompson,” wrote the Rev. R. H. Law, Vicar of Arnside, in the *Parish Magazine*, “we have lost one

who was in the truest sense of the words 'a man of light and leading.' Of his services to education, of his devoted work in the past for the public interests of this neighbourhood, it is needless to speak here. To attempt an appreciation of the character of one so well known and beloved seems almost an impertinence. But we cannot refrain from putting on record our deep sense of that singular and rare combination of high principle, keen intellect, wide culture and gracious courtesy which so eminently distinguished Mr. Thompson. A member of that 'Society of Friends' which has done so much to deepen the spiritual life and stimulate the philanthropic activities of England, Mr. Thompson did not narrow his sympathies to his own 'Society,' but was ever ready with generous encouragement for any effort for the increase of true religion in other communions. It was impossible to be in his presence without feeling oneself uplifted to a higher level of thought and feeling. His influence will not die with him; his memory will remain as a treasure of the past and an ideal of the future with all who have been privileged to know him."

"He did not talk much on religion," writes

another, still on the same note ; “ perhaps some have thought him reticent about it. But he lived it ; and all the people round him knew and recognised that he lived it.

“ The soul of honour himself, he loved to place the boys on their honour, and to trust them. He realised that honour covered that part of conduct which is out of sight ; and which, if it is good, is of infinitely more worth than the conduct which is good only because it is watched and guarded. His trust may sometimes have been misplaced ; but his method produced a better and a higher standard than could have been reached by the methods of the policeman. If a boy deceived him he could be severe, for he hated falsehood ; and punishment came swiftly. But we all knew that he was fair, and we all looked up to him as to a just and righteous judge. Many a man who, in his youth, was a scholar at Stramongate will say with confidence that, whatever there is in his composition of honour and uprightness and refinement, Henry Thompson had more than one ordinary man’s part in putting it there.

“ If he did not, while I knew him, join in the games, he was there to watch them. He was as quick to applaud dexterity and keenness in

the field, as he was to appreciate mental activity in the classroom. In fact he was always the same, in school or out of it. What he was at his desk, that he was in the playground. That, too, he was in those pleasant rambles among the Westmoreland Hills, whose memory is dear to many a Kendal scholar."

A strongly-marked and well-remembered feature of Henry Thompson's character was his courtesy ; a feature dwelt on in the reminiscences of all who knew him.

"I shall always think of him," writes one, "as a man whose life was always wholesome, noble, just, and as the most courteous gentleman I have ever met."

Another man who knew him was heard to say that Henry Thompson was one of the only two schoolmasters he had ever come in contact with who did not, by their actions or their speech, betray the nature of their calling. He was, in fact, every inch a schoolmaster, except upon the surface. There was nothing about him of that distinctive manner which characterises so many members of the dictatorial profession.

But although it is by his career at Kendal that he will be specially remembered, Henry Thompson was not solely a schoolmaster.

During the long period of his retirement at Arnside he threw into local interests the same keenness and energy, the same suavity and gentleness that had ever characterised him. He was as assiduous, practical and painstaking in the management of rural affairs as he had been in the conduct of a school; and he was, for many years, the centre round which revolved all the village life of Arnside. He was long a member of the Parish Council, he was made a Justice of the Peace in 1890, and he served on the South Westmoreland District Council until the time of his death.

His experience as a schoolmaster, and his wide knowledge of practical affairs were of great value to the Society at large, through his long association with Ackworth School, of whose committee he was a member for more than a quarter of a century. His interest in all educational questions and his sound judgment were also of much assistance to the Friends' Central Education Committee; and he was in touch with experts on the subject, both at home and abroad.

In his capacity as Committee Friend he was at Ackworth a specially honoured figure. He by no means confined his interests to mere

routine and to attendance at business meetings. He well understood that highly important and even essential part of the duties and privileges of a member of the Committee, which brings him into close and intimate personal relationship with the real life of the School; and he was always cordially welcomed both by the scholars and the staff, who greatly valued his visits to the schoolroom and the study. As an old Ackworth teacher remarks: "The coming of the 'Full Committee' afforded just the relief and refreshment which made it possible to endure the unbroken stretch of a nearly six months' session. And the friendly visits of none of its members were more looked forward to and more thoroughly appreciated than those of Thomas Pumphrey and Henry Thompson."

"Henry Thompson brought an atmosphere of exquisite courtesy," writes one of his old colleagues on the Committee, "into a little world where there was none too much of it; and the dullest of those who were privileged to meet him must have felt the better for the mere sight of a man who, at seventy-five, had the brightness and vivacity and mental keenness of five-and-twenty, together with the wide-sympathies that come with added years."

Long after he left Kendal, too, he was in great request on Speech Days at schools, and as chairman at public meetings. No matter what the subject was, his address never failed to lift to a higher level the thoughts and aspirations of his hearers. He was a delightful conversation-list,—full of anecdotes, and of information upon every imaginable topic.

Henry Thompson's views on religion were broad and tolerant. When first he went to Arnside there was no Friends' Meeting there; and in those far-off days, one Sunday might find him reading the lessons in the parish church; the next, taking part in the service in a Wesleyan Chapel. When the Meeting-house was opened, he was, it is needless to say, a regular attendant.

His last illness was borne with a patience and fortitude worthy of his high career. The more the body was vanquished, the more the spirit triumphed. A singular sweetness characterised him; his soul seemed to flow out in love and kindness towards his fellow-men.

“He was,” said Frederick Andrews, in his address at the graveside, “an example to many in his eager pursuit of knowledge. He was a

student to the last, ever faithful to the great masters of literature,—those dead but sceptred sovereigns that rule our spirits upon earth; and yet with a mind ever open to the latest and best ideas in education and in progress. And all this for no selfish gratification of his own. He was ever ready to share his stores of knowledge and of culture with others; and there are many who know well what a stimulus was given them through evenings spent in his company. Such lives as his are the salt of the earth, keeping the body politic from corruption. Such a life as that of Henry Thompson, keen and intellectual to its close, is one of the strongest arguments in favour of immortality.”

THOMAS H. THOMPSON, 62 7 12mo. 1907
Ashton-on-Mersey.

THOMAS J. THOMSON, 65 1 4mo. 1908
Guisborough.

MARY THORBURN, 43 27 9mo. 1907
Liverpool. Wife of Wm. Alexander Thorburn.

ROBERT TODD, 70 20 12mo. 1907
Belfast.

NATHANIEL TREGELLES, 19 15 12mo. 1907
Hoddesdon. Son of J. Allen and Mary Louisa Tregelles.



ELLA WARNER.

Photo: C. E. Fry & Son, South Kensington.

EMMA TUKE,	85	5	1mo.	1908
<i>Saffron Walden.</i> Widow of Wm. Murray Tuke.				
LUCY TURNER,	70	19	3mo.	1908
<i>Whitehouse, Co. Antrim.</i> Widow of Thomas Turner, of Dublin, and daughter of late Richard Bell, of Belfast.				
FRANCES TURTLE,	84	20	7mo.	1908
<i>Moyallon.</i> Widow of William John Turtle.				
CHARLES H. TURVEY,	40	21	8mo.	1908
<i>Evesham.</i>				
FLOSSIE H. TURVEY,	3	22	5mo.	1907
<i>Evesham.</i> Daughter of the above.				
J. HARRISON VEEVERS,	70	20	8mo.	1907
<i>Bombay.</i>				
BENJAMIN VENTRESS,	75	28	9mo.	1908
<i>Gildersome.</i>				
C. E. WADDINGTON, M.D.,	52	10	12mo.	1907
<i>Bradford.</i>				
JOSEPH WALKER,	12	11mo.	1907	
<i>Resident at Cardiff.</i> Member of Marsden Mtg.				
ELLA WARNER,	28	1	10mo.	1907
<i>Tung Chwan, China.</i>				

When we consider the beauty that shone through Ella Warner's brief career, the strength, the gentleness, the charm of her young life ;

her joy in all good things of the Master's making, in spring and its birds, in summer and its flowers, in autumn and its radiant glory, in field and shore, in sea and sky; when we remember that she gave up all that she held dear in England, her home, her friends, her sheltered and happy surroundings, to devote herself to Christ's service among a strange people in an alien land; and that then, after all, she was never able to deliver the message with which she felt herself to have been entrusted, we may well, as one of her friends has said, be filled not with sorrow only, but perplexity.

And yet, in the words of another of her intimate associates, "When we in England think of that lonely grave on the hillside among the anemones and the pampas-grass, we, too, shall think, not of darkness and death, but of light and life; not alone of regret or of sorrow, and not of failure, but of faithfulness, a great love and a glad obedience."

Ella Warner was the seventh child of Charles and Mary Warner, and was born at Finchley in 1879. Educated first at the Graham Street Church of England School, and then at Bedford College, she taught for two years at Saffron

Walden, with a view to gaining experience as a teacher before her definite training, at Selly Oak and in London, for that missionary-work to which, from childhood, it had been her desire to dedicate herself. She left England in November, 1906, and reached the Friends' Mission Station, at Tung Chwan in China, in the following March. She at once began to work hard at learning the language, and she passed her examination in the first section of Chinese study. She had been somewhat run down during the summer, and had intended to go away for a change. When the time came, however, she was too unwell to leave Tung Chwan. She became rapidly worse, and by the middle of September it was recognised that she was suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever; and although all was done for her that lay in the power of skilful doctors and devoted friends, she died on the morning of the 2nd of October, at the age of twenty-eight. The sad tidings were carried to the Mission Station of Chung King by a man who ran the three days' journey in one day and a half.

"How can we sum up," writes one of her friends, "the short twenty-eight years of her

life ? How can we give, to those not acquainted with her, the picture, so present to all who knew and loved her, of the bright, strong, wholesome personality, so full of vitality and charm, whose earthly life has so suddenly closed ? Perhaps it was her capacity for enjoyment that attracted one first to Ella Warner. She threw herself into everything that came to her with abounding energy and enthusiasm. Whether it was her own lessons as a schoolgirl, her college work, her reading, her music, her teaching, her missionary preparation,—everything was done with her whole heart.”

Another of her friends, writing in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, strikes the same note :—

“I think, on the whole, I should say that quiet enthusiasm and exuberant joy were two of the chief elements in her character. From the year of the awakening of her soul she lived on the top of happy hours. A child of Nature, she was most happy when with Nature, where she could hear the beating of its heart. . . . I remember her in country walks, in fields and woods, in the presence of sunset skies and by the seashore, the very soul of happiness, free from the conventionality and restraint which

were irksome to her, blithe and gay. During the summer before she went to China, she camped out for a fortnight with a party of friends in North Wales,—in order that she might be the better prepared for the customs and habits and eventualities that prevailed on the Yang Tse Kiang ! and the wind and the rain, and the cries of the sea-birds all came to her like the sweetest of sweet music. She ran and played like a child ; and at night she would lie there alone in her tent, with everything soaking and depressing and dark around her, as happy and content as any woman in the island.

“ She was often dreaming. More than any other woman I have met she was a Dreamer. And this happened whether she was awake or asleep. I can remember on several occasions surprising Ella in her day-dreams. Latterly they were often of China ; and when she got to China I dare say they were often of home. Once we were talking of her future in the Mission-field ; and at some length I spoke of the difficulty of judgment, and of uncertainty ; and then of loneliness, of hardship and discomfort, of failure and sorrow and disappointment ; and last, of disease and death. She

said not a word, and her eyes looked straight in front of her. She was apparently lost in a deep day-dream. When I questioned her as to her silence and what she was thinking of these things, she replied in a word, but with evident deliberation that, though it was all very interesting, *it was all quite irrelevant*. Then we laughed, and talked of other things. But I had learned my lesson. I ought to have learned it years before. In the presence of the supreme call, any debate as to hardship and failure and sorrow, as well as to success, is *irrelevant*. It is not unnatural, or unwise, or wrong; it is simply beside the mark.

“To her energy and joyousness and habit of dreaming, I should add a fourth characteristic—her devotion. Against all sorts of logic and of excellent reasons, against the advice of many of her friends, comparatively untried and inexperienced, she decided to go to the Foreign Mission field. There was a year of indecision, of halting between two opinions. But eventually her mind was made up. I am not sure that she counted the full cost of the decision. But she may have done so. No one, however, who knew her could doubt her devotion and determination. She had received

what she believed to be a definite Divine Call. That was not only sufficient—as, of course, it should be for all of us—it was more than enough for her.

“Above all, Ella Warner was devoted to her friends, chiefly to her home people; that is their reward. She never fell into tale-bearing or detraction; she possessed no ill-news of anybody; she was kind and generous to a fault. But above and beyond that, she was simply devoted to her friends. Latterly, she was devoted to her Ideals.

“I can see her now, on the occasion of her farewell meeting at Devonshire House; a charming picture of health, in a brown costume and wearing a bunch of pink carnations—truly a most decorous and becoming herald of the Good Tidings of the larger life. . . . She spoke a little of the ‘Inward Light,’ and said that although we could not always mentally acquiesce in what appeared to be God’s will, we felt the call to follow it, nevertheless. It was the supreme message. To speak, under such circumstances, must always be, for anyone, a difficult task. For her it was nothing less than a grave undertaking, perhaps even an ordeal. But she was more than equal to it.”

It is true that, to quote again from the *Appreciation* that appeared in the *Friend*, "it was always an ordeal to her to speak in public ; but she put away fear and natural shrinking, with the same glad self-surrender with which she had come to her first decision ; and letters from her friends speak of the inspiration they received from her courage in entering upon new and difficult work. Only those who were intimate with her had any knowledge of this struggle, or of how great was the pain to her ardent, loving nature at parting with all that was so dear to her in England. She never dwelt upon the sacrifice she was making ; and a certain deep reserve kept her from speaking much to anyone about her innermost feeling."

"And now," writes another of her friends, "we have lost her. At the morning of the day's work, a reaper ready, the field white unto harvest.

* * * * *

"Our comfort is in memory only ; a sweet and precious memory of joyful sacrifice, of splendid visions, of obedience even unto the end, and of the victory of Love over Death. That is friendship's wreath of memory."

HENRY WATSON,	81	8	2mo.	1908
<i>Monkwearmouth. Sunderland Meeting.</i>				
CHARLOTTE WEBB,	72	3	8mo.	1908
<i>Rathgar, Dublin. An Elder.</i>				
ELIZABETH E. WEBB,	72	4	10mo.	1907
<i>Dublin. Wife of Thomas Henry Webb.</i>				
KATE WESTLAKE,	34	13	10mo.	1907
<i>Long Sutton, Somerset.</i>				
HENRY WESTON,	42	15	6mo.	1908
<i>Staines.</i>				
CHARLOTTE WHITEHEAD,	69	28	3mo.	1908
<i>Walton-by-Clevedon. Wife of Jas. Whitehead.</i>				
<i>A Minister.</i>				
KATHLEEN M. WIGHAM,	22	21	5mo.	1908
<i>Dublin. Wife of Bernard Wigham.</i>				
GODFREY J. WILLIAMS,	31	14	7mo.	1908
<i>Hobart School, Tasmania. A Minister.</i>				

When in the month of May last year, Godfrey Williams and his young bride sailed for Tasmania to take charge of the Friends' School at Hobart, his friends little thought how soon his career was to be cut short. It is some consolation to them to remember that his brief tenure of office was eminently successful ; that he and his wife quickly found a place in the affections of all with whom they were associated, and

that his early death was deeply regretted by a wide circle of Friends and others in Australia.

It was with some misgivings that those who knew both him and the conditions he was called upon to face regarded his going out. It was a difficult post that he had undertaken to fill. Few of his predecessors had held it long. On the other hand few schoolmasters of Godfrey Williams' age have been better qualified for such a task than he. He had won distinction at the Universities of Leeds and Oxford. He had had six years' practical experience in teaching in English schools; and the various principals under whom he had served had written in terms of high appreciation of his ability, energy, organising power and sterling Christian character.

He proved to be the very man for the position. He created a most favourable impression at Hobart both on the authorities and on the scholars. In the words of one of their number, "the Committee rejoiced in the man who had come at their call; and looked forward, through him, to the realisation of their hopes." The Staff found him a most congenial and sympathetic head-master. "He was," writes one of them, "essentially a man of high ideals.

To him teaching meant much more than the means of making a living. To him his profession was his life's work; and the result was that he was able to inspire the scholars under him with some of his own lofty conceptions of life. His influence on those children who came in close contact with him will long remain with them as a source of uplifting and inspiration. Although he was with us only a brief space, the boys and girls all came to love him, and his death was felt by each as a real personal loss."

"We expected great things of him," writes an old Hobart boy; "and we were in no way disappointed. In the classroom, his scholarship and his power of imparting knowledge earned the admiration both of teachers and pupils. On the playground, his ardour in the games, and his ambition that the school should excel, stirred every player manfully to do his part. He raised to a remarkable degree the tone and the public spirit of the school. By keeping in touch with boys and girls, and by endeavouring to bind boarders and day-scholars more closely together, by means of common interests and pleasures, he endeared himself to all. Never shall we forget his present-

ment of religion as a bright and cheerful thing, a thing not of gloom but of happiness and sunshine."

Nor were his interests confined to the School alone. He set to work at once to do his part towards building up the religious life of Hobart Meeting; and it has been said by one who watched his brief career that, during the few months of comparative health that he enjoyed, he missed few opportunities of being about his Master's business.

He was indeed greatly hampered by his physical condition. The doctor who attended him in his last illness says that Godfrey Williams never really had good health from the time that he landed in Hobart. More than once he had been obliged to leave his work. It was not, however, until July of the present year that his condition became really serious. On the 12th of the month his state aroused the gravest apprehensions. A slight rally on the 13th allowed of his removal to Hobart Hospital. He himself was anxious for the move, and he bore it well. But the end was very near, and on the following morning, with his brave wife watching over him to the last, he passed quietly away at the early age of thirty-one.

MARY WILLIAMS, 81 26 11mo. 1907
Penybont.

SARAH WILLIAMSON, 67 24 7 mo. 1908
Alleyn's Almshouses, Bunhill.

HENRY WILLMOTT, 71 9 7mo. 1908
Teignmouth. Of Exeter Meeting.

HENRY WILSON, 85 7 11mo. 1907
Kendal. Minister.

The life of Henry Wilson may be broadly divided into two distinct and separate periods : his time at Ackworth, which, as scholar and master, amounted to eighteen years ; and his subsequent career at Kendal, where he was for five years head of the Friends' School, and where he spent the remainder of his life. A pathetic interest attaches to the following account of his days at Ackworth, since it was written for the Stramongate Magazine by Henry Thompson, who survived his lifelong friend, old colleague and brother-in-law not quite a year, dying on the 10th of October, 1908.

“ Henry Wilson, the son of William and Hannah Wilson, was born at Oldham in 1822. Before going to Ackworth at the age of ten, he had shown in a remarkably strong form

the characteristics of neatness and diligence in whatever he undertook.

“On completing four years as a scholar at Ackworth, he showed such promise of good teaching-power that he was articled to the headmaster for seven years, and he served his apprenticeship with distinction. On its completion he entered himself as a student in the University of Bonn. There he threw himself, with all the ardour of youth, into the social and literary life around him, and drank his fill of romance and poetry. To step out of the quiet, sedate, conventional existence of the Ackworth of that day into an atmosphere ringing with the clash of life and thrilling with emotional fervour, was to Henry Wilson a revelation.

“Returning from abroad full of energy and high ideals, he became tutor to the four sons of Henry Birkbeck, the Norwich banker. Here, too, he spent halcyon days, with large opportunities for personal culture. Meantime, his old headmaster at Ackworth, Thomas Pumphrey, had been desiring to have his services again; and when the post of Master-on-Duty fell vacant, he pressed Henry Wilson to take it. So he entered upon his arduous duties

of the charge of 180 boys during their out-of-school life, with the resolve to change all the rigorous discipline which had caused so much irritation and friction, and to inaugurate a policy of confidence and trust in the better nature of the boys, which speedily effected a great change in the social atmosphere of the School. His monthly reviews of the School life were looked forward to with deep interest, and his 'great speeches' on those occasions are still recalled by old scholars as memorable incidents. He possessed a voice of thunder, and when he hurled his bolts against evil-doers, 'there were great searchings of heart,' among the guilty ones.

"During this time Henry Wilson married Elizabeth Grimshaw, daughter of Caleb and Sarah Grimshaw, of Liverpool. She died in 1851, at the age of twenty-six.

"Henry Wilson's lively interest in the voluntary pursuits of the boys was especially directed to the guidance of their tastes in reading. He secured frequent accessions of books to their library, which he modernised and enriched. The value of his service in raising the moral and social plane of the school was everywhere recognised; and the memory of his reformatations

was bright long after he had left that field of labour. But a man of his character thirsts for independence of committees and authorities ; and when it became known that the Friends' School at Kendal was in need of a headmaster on the retirement of Samuel Marshall, after holding the post for forty years, Henry Wilson gladly embraced the opportunity ; and after the Trustees had remodelled and enlarged the property, the School was re-opened early in August, 1855. He had the help of his sister, Esther E. Wilson, as housekeeper, and of two tutors, the one being Samuel Marshall's classical master, and the other Henry Thompson, who had been teaching at Grove House School, Tottenham, and who married Esther Emmott Wilson in 1856.

“But Henry Wilson's rule was all too brief for showing out the full value of its quality and power. Twelve months after going to Kendal he had married, as his second wife, Ann Thornhill, youngest daughter of Martha Thornhill, of Ackworth, on the same day that Isaac Brown married her sister ; and school life not being congenial to her, he retired in the summer of 1860, just five years after assuming the headmastership.”

“My first knowledge of Henry Wilson,” writes one of his old scholars, “was when I went as a boy of fourteen to Stramongate School, Kendal,—then under the headmastership of Henry Thompson. Years before, Henry Wilson had himself been head of the School, and had retired; but he continued to act as classical master.

“As a teacher I remember him chiefly for his bursts of enthusiasm over the heroes and heroines of the past, whether historic or mythological. No pupil of his could ever forget the sonorous cadence with which he rolled out Virgil’s lines, or translated some favourite passage in his own inimitable style. He was perhaps at times impatient when his scholars failed to see the beauty that he saw; and still more so when some boyish triviality seemed to mar the seriousness of his exposition. I think he gave to all of us, apt scholars or dull in this branch of learning, something, at least, of appreciation of classic poetry and prose.

“I remember well the heavy trial he was called upon to face, when his dear and only son, so promising in every way,—Arthur Henry Wilson, then a student at the Flounders—was struck down by typhoid fever. I remember

still, forty years since although it is, the funeral at the Friends' New Burial Ground at Kendal, and the father's bitter grief. For a time, indeed, that grief seemed overwhelming. Shortly after the funeral my brother was ordered to winter abroad, and it was arranged that Henry Wilson and his wife should accompany him. The three travellers spent most of their time in Italy, first at the northern towns and at Florence, and later, at Rome and Naples. Dante was always one of Henry Wilson's heroes : and it was a source of delight to him, burdened with sorrow as he was, to visit the spots associated with the author of the Divine Commedia.

“After his return from this journey I was often asked up to Ellerlea ; and both while I lived in Kendal, and long afterwards, almost to the time of his death, I was a frequent inmate of his home. He had a most affectionate disposition, and was always ready with the warmest greetings for the friends who came to see him. The men and women who attracted him he idealised. Even his dogs became heroes. To him at least no others could compare with his. One huge St. Bernard, fitly named Jupiter, was his companion for years, and seemed, in his eyes, incapable of wrong : though

I recollect an anxious afternoon when I had much ado to keep him from the sheep.

“I do not think Henry Wilson took any part in the School, except as an occasional lecturer, after his return from abroad. He became, however, immersed in public work; and as Town Councillor and Alderman, and as four times Mayor of the Borough, he gave his best services to the town he loved. He was also for many years Vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians, he took an active interest in the Museum and the Savings’ Bank, and he identified himself with almost every movement for the intellectual and moral welfare of the neighbourhood.

“He was a naturalist in several departments. He was particularly interested in British land and sea-shells; of the latter, indeed, he made a fine collection, as also of pebbles collected on expeditions to the coast. The beauty of a polished agate appealed to him as it did to Ruskin.

“In the town of his adoption he was, for years, one of its best known characters. Many will remember him as he strolled along the Kendal streets, now chatting with the market-people, now turning into a shop or a house

to give a friendly greeting, and now passing on his way, swinging his stick and chanting to himself in Italian or German, in French or Latin or Greek. To meet him at such times, and to break in upon his reverie, was often to be carried far away from Kendal and the present into some scene and era of the past.

“I cannot remember when he first began to speak in Meeting; but he took an active part in the ministry for many years, especially at Kendal and at Preston Patrick. The latter meeting he attended regularly for a long period. Not always, certainly, but very often, he seemed to find his inspiration in a verse from one of the Psalms or in a passage in Isaiah. He had closely studied both, and had made his own metrical version of the former, in addition to translating the latter and the books of other prophets, from the Vulgate. Of these translations I possess two manuscript volumes, in his own most beautiful penmanship, given to me after his death by his brother-in-law, Henry Thompson. His absent-mindedness sometimes led him to assent audibly to things that were said in meeting, to the no small astonishment of any strangers that were present.

“He lived a life of friendliness to all, and

of usefulness wherever he went. To everyone who met him his was an interesting, and to many an inspiring personality. One never knew in what direction his conversation would turn—anecdotes of his student days at Bonn, the policy of the Government, the beauty of a sunset sky, or the description of some one he had met, often so idealised that it was hard to credit that the man he was speaking of was one we had known, or rather, one whom until that moment we thought that we had known.

“For years he had, much to his satisfaction, his brother-in-law, Isaac Brown, as his next-door neighbour. Later on the house was occupied by Alfred Jesper; and it was Henry Wilson’s almost invariable habit to look in for a short time every day. After the death of his wife, one or other of his nieces came to live with him. Latterly his sight began to fail,—a great privation, but bravely borne. And lastly, for a year or more, his mind, once so active, became clouded and confused, though, through all his trials there remained the impression of greatness and nobility. Often, in the closing days of his life, amidst all the dimness of bodily and mental powers, his words

were those of the psalmist or of the seer ; or they were words of prayer, telling of a mind attuned under Divine guidance, to the Heavenly Father's will."

RICHARD R. WILSON, 75 13 10mo. 1907
Hartshill.

EDITH C. WISE, 74 1 3mo. 1908
Croydon. Widow of Charles Wise.

EDMUND T. WITHEY, 56 27 11mo. 1907
Birmingham.

PHÆBE WOODCOCK, 74 30 12mo. 1907
Wymondham. Widow of Thomas Woodcock.

KATHERINE WOODHEAD, 81 16 1mo. 1908
York.

WILLIAM M. WOODHEAD, 55 19 4mo. 1907
Auckland, New Zealand. Of Liverpool.

RICHARD WORMALL, 72 15 7mo. 1908
Huddersfield.

EDWARD WORSDELL, 55 11 3mo. 1908
York. A Minister.

Edward Worsdell was of the School of the Prophets. His was a striking, perhaps a unique personality ; as full, at fifty, of life and vigour and enthusiasm as he had been at twenty, and characterised, throughout his compara-

tively brief career, by the serious and whole-souled earnestness with which he threw himself into every subject that interested him, and into every cause that he had at heart.

He was born near Manchester in 1852, and having been sent to Ackworth when he was ten, was top of the school when he was fourteen. At that age he became, as was the custom of the time, a teacher, and entered the Flounders Institute three years later. Having matriculated in Honours at London, in 1869, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at the same University at the early age of nineteen.

“And knowing him then,” writes one of his most intimate friends, “you knew him for the rest of his life. His mind never aged. Everything interested him intensely, and he seemed incapable of giving anything less than his best under any possible conditions.”

In the early days of his life at the Flounders he made a brief note in his diary to the effect that he had begun to take up religious and temperance work. The next ten years, ten of the most important years of a man's life, were to him in great measure, a time of difficulty and doubt and spiritual conflict. Some people are content to accept their scheme of religion

at secondhand; to believe without question in the faith of their fathers. Doubts they have never felt. Difficulties they have never had to face. Not so Edward Worsdell. He found himself, at the age of eighteen, confronted with the problem that has troubled so many simple, gentle, earnest souls; the difficulty, the impossibility of reconciling the ideal of an Almighty Father, a father of infinite love and tenderness and compassion with that of an implacable, if scrupulously just judge, only to be propitiated by the shedding of blood, and condemning millions of erring or merely ignorant human beings to cruel and everlasting torment.

The struggle cost him dear. "Even at night," writes Arthur Rowntree in the *Friend*, "he would sometimes start from a dream of souls in ceaseless suffering and exclaim in agony, 'My God, this cannot be true!' The strain brought entire loss of health before he learned that he must follow only such teachings as his conscience could accept, wherever they came from." Light dawned at length. At length he realised the truth that 'Nothing can be good in him, which evil is in me'; and in his book, "The Gospel of Divine Help,"

drawn from him by his new sense of his Father's love, and by the determination that what had brought light to him should be a beacon to others, he made an attempt "to clear the religious atmosphere of the doctrines of everlasting punishment, of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures ; and of the crude, non-moral conception of the Atonement." Such was the attitude of the Society at the time of the publication of this little volume that the *Friend* refused to notice it, although it had the warm approval of Whittier, "and the hearty support of many who are now of great influence amongst us."

From 1872 to 1875 Edward Worsdell was tutor at the Flounders Institute, in succession to John Sharp. Arduous as his duties were, he yet found time during that period for much strenuous evangelistic work in the country round Ackworth. "He knew every one at Moortop and at Brackenhill," writes one of his friends, "and comforted them or remonstrated with them, or prayed with them seven days out of every week." That sentence, with its suggestion of indomitable energy, of intense and earnest sympathy for all sorts and conditions of men, of a determination to

wrestle with the powers of darkness, in season—and perhaps even out of season, characterised him through life. Unfortunately, his energy, although indomitable, was not inexhaustible; and more than one serious breakdown in health warned him that a spiritual flame may burn too fiercely for the earthen lamp that holds it. And in 1875, while studying at Heidelberg for his science degree, he was attacked with insomnia, a malady that gave him much trouble in after years, and he was obliged to give up all idea of further study.

After teaching in John Sharp's school at Stoke Newington and then at Bootham, he enjoyed some months of foreign travel, visiting Greece, Egypt and Palestine; not only storing his mind with pleasant memories but accumulating material for many subsequent lectures. From 1883 to 1888 he was private tutor in the household of Alfred Lloyd Fox, and it was during that time that he published "The Gospel of Divine Help." On leaving Falmouth he spent some time in teaching in Scarborough, and in 1889 he was married to Rachel Tregelles Fox. The day before his wedding he called at the house of a friend, but refused to stay the night on the ground that very important business

required his presence at Falmouth in the morning. Some hours later he went away, pausing for a moment to remark that the morrow was to be his wedding-day, and that the urgent business was his marriage. After four years of teaching in Scarborough, chiefly at Miss Woodhead's school, he set up as a chemist at Banbury; but in 1894 removed to York, where he spent the remaining fourteen years of his life, as superintendent of the office staff at the Rowntrees' Cocoa Works.

"He did not strike one as likely to make a good business man," observes a friend who knew him well; "but it is eminently characteristic of him that he threw his whole energy into his new surroundings; and, with his clear grasp of principles made the organisation of a large office not a drudgery but a source of enjoyment."

In March of the present year, during a visit to Darlington, whither he had gone for the purpose of delivering several lectures, he was attacked, while speaking at the Adult School, with sudden and serious illness; and four days later he died, at the house of Jonathan Backhouse Hodgkin, a few days before completing his fifty-sixth year.

Three things characterised Edward Worsdell's useful, honourable, Christian life : his entire forgetfulness of self ; his energy and enthusiasm ; and his determined efforts to make others see the light that he saw, and to share with him the peace that, after long and deadly conflict, had filled his own soul. The generous nature that, when he was a boy at Ackworth led him to distribute the contents of his Christmas parcel to boys who had none, never left him : never lessened or grew dim. All his life long his great pleasure was in giving pleasure to others. "I can see his radiant face now," writes one of his fellow-students, "at the presentation made to William S. Lean by those who had been under him at the Flounders."

Well do Edward Worsdell's fellow-students remember his ardour and his enthusiasm, and those brilliant flashes of wit which were all the more vivid because of his habitual and apparently constitutional seriousness. "I can hear him," says one of his companions of the early seventies, "gravely wondering whether or no Horatius Cocles was a Mussulman ; and again, characterising the blind eye of a famous mathematician as that distinguished professor's *dim organ*."

"No one," writes Arthur Rowntree, in the *Friend*, "could spend five minutes with Edward Worsdell without meeting his intellect and his kindliness. Head and heart united to form a singularly loving personality. His lectures on such varied subjects as Isaiah, Origen, Luke, the Adult School Lesson, Ruskin, Rathbone, and Thackeray, were full of scholarly work; but his tact made learned and unlearned alike follow him. He welcomed everyone to his house and made everyone at home. We saw him a delightful companion with his children, He gave of his best to all. Sometimes riddles, puns and puzzles were doled out; again, talk on religion and theology arose naturally, or he made brilliant sallies in regions of history, science and art. Earnestness and sincerity were atmosphere to him; he seemed alive at every point. Whether he poured out a sad story or enjoyed a laugh, to us he was always the same, keen and strenuous; thinker, artist, worker, brother of men.

"It has been my privilege to turn over the pages of his characteristic scrapbook with her who shared with him a beautiful home life. One reads some of the pages with a deep sense of pathos. When first I knew him, he was

suffering from a terrible bout of sleeplessness ; he has fastened into the book some verses on Insomnia which contain these lines :—

“For ’twas while others calmly slept around,
That Thou alone in sleeplessness wast found,
To comfort me.”

Another page he begins with characteristic red ink :—

“ ‘At this point (September, 1905) I wish to place on record our deep thankfulness for the absence of serious illness all our married life, in spite of much limitation of strength, nor hitherto have our children had any serious illness.’

“Six years ago he felt that his eyesight was failing, and visited a specialist. The scrapbook says, ‘Oculist Verdict’; but those two words stand for the courageous fortitude with which he faced the future, certain that blindness would come, and that for him, a passionate lover of colour and form, there would soon be no return of Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

‘Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.’

“ Did he bate a jot of heart or hope ? Of that we saw nothing. To us his later years are one song, ‘ Work while it is day.’ And when a few months ago he found that darkness was closing upon him, his only thought was that it would lessen the openings for service. ‘ With an active mind and a love of work,’ he wrote, ‘ I am comparatively crippled in several directions, and I view with something like dismay the further narrowing of chances of usefulness.’ This is all in keeping with his growing sense of service to be rendered as the days go by. Invitations to lecture flooded him : where we should ask ourselves, ‘ Can we get out of it ? ’ he would ask, ‘ Can I accept ? ’

‘ Nor for a soul like thine the calm
Of selfish ease and joys of sense ;
But duty, more than crown or palm,
Its own exceeding recompense.’

“ Edward Worsdell held strongly that a teaching ministry was one of the great needs of our meetings to-day. And we who have listened to him find it hard to overrate the value of his thoughtful ministry in York meeting. He was not eloquent, but his words welled rapidly and forcefully from a powerful source.”

“I always listen to Edward Worsdell,” said a Bootham boy to one of the masters; “he never speaks in Meeting unless he has something to say; there’s not a bit of padding in any of his sermons.”

“The teaching was always practical, whether he spoke of the boundless Love of the Father. or the work of Christ the Redeemer, or handled social problems. At times, the pain of suffering humanity would overcome him, and he would reassure us by quoting :—

‘To see the infinite pity of this place,
The mangled limb, the devastated face,
The innocent sufferer smiling at the rod—
A fool were tempted to deny his God.
He sees, he shrinks. But if he gaze again
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!
He marks the sisters on the mournful shores;
And even a fool is silent and adores.’

“When Edward Worsdell prayed in our meetings, we felt that here was one of God’s saints, bearing the burden of humanity, and communing with a loving Father about our needs. He talked with God as with a friend.

“Yes, ‘he touched us all to finer ends, and we give reverent thanks for the example of his life.’ ”

H. WRIGGLESWORTH, 63 19 1mo. 1908
York. Widow of George R. Wrigglesworth.

Infant whose name is not inserted.

1 Boy. Son of James T. and Sarah Jane
Jenks. of Selly Oak.





